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MONROE'S NEW SERIES—FOURTH BOOK

MONROE'S
NEW
THIRD READER



E. H. BUTLER & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

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PREFACE

TEACHERS who have used the lower books of this Series know that their aim is to teach children to write good English, as well as to read correctly. In the **Primer** the little ones copy, at first, only two words in script; then a line, making *a complete sentence*. Afterwards two, three, and four lines are given. This prepares the children to copy the **Letters** found in the **First Reader**. The **Second Reader** goes a step farther, giving little stories or conversations, to be copied by the pupils, or written from dictation at the discretion of the teacher. All this preparatory drill should qualify the children to

Express their own Thoughts

in orderly sentences, according to any plan suggested by the teacher; therefore, the **Third Reader** provides for constant practice in language-lessons, and in simple compositions. If children are required to think, and to express their ideas, orally or in writing, they must have **material for thought**. In this Reader every effort has been made to interest the pupils, so that they shall be impelled to read each Lesson with the requisite spirit and variety of inflection, and be enabled, at the same time, to gather material for language-lessons. The stories in the first part of the book, set forth a few simple facts in Natural History, directing children how to tell whether an animal belongs to the flesh-eating, gnawing, or chewing order. To further this practical work, the illustrations have been carefully prepared, and are worthy of study in connection with the subject presented.

Writing Letters.

A severe but just criticism of our public school system is, that many children graduate from our grammar schools without being able to write a simple note correctly. The author had this in mind, in arranging Archie's Letters: these are to be copied by the pupils, and then answered by them, with due guidance upon the part of the teacher. In order to give the little ones something to say in their answers, Archie's letters abound in suggestions and questions of a simple, conversational character. **They also contain the rules for punctuation and for the use of capitals**, which the children have met practically in the Second Reader. The letters are without dates; in their copies, the children may supply the current date, or any other, according to the drift of the letter.

In connection with the correspondence with Archie, the teacher should induce the children to express themselves frequently in writing. Call into play the imagination—that mighty force in the training of the young. Have a post-office in the school. Let the children write letters to one another or to their teacher. Let them imagine that Archie goes away again, or that Kate makes a journey and describes what she sees. Try anything—no matter what—that will give the children practice in writing. One may become a perfect oral speller, and have at his tongue's end all the rules of grammar, and yet not be able to write a simple note correctly, because he has been drilled in **telling how to do a thing, and not in doing it**. "Practice makes perfect;"—this every one will acknowledge.

The thanks of the author are due to Mrs. Celia Thaxter, who has kindly permitted the use of several of her poems; and to J. W. Bradley of Philadelphia, for permission to use poems from the pen of Marion Douglass.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

Object-Teaching by Means of Pictures.

The pupils should not read a Lesson until they have described its illustration. In connection with the first Lesson, "**The Cat**," a conversation somewhat like the following, will stimulate observation, and establish a precedent for future reading-lessons. There may be great variety in the pupils' answers, but the substance must be, practically, the same. The opening question may be given to the youngest pupil. "Nellie, tell me what you see in the picture?" "I see a little boy and a girl." "Now, Fanny, what do you see?" "I see a man. Perhaps he is the little boy's papa." "Helen, are these persons in a house, or out of doors?" "In a house." (Here should follow a description of the room.) "Fred, tell me whether they live in the country or in a city." (A description of the house and its surroundings may be given.) "Gertrude, what can you tell me about the picture?" "The papa has a kitty in his arms. He is looking at her paws." "Hal, did you ever notice a cat's paw?" Here can be brought out many facts regarding the habits of the cat, its food, etc.; and the pupils should describe the pictures on pages 11 and 12. The reason for questioning the youngest children first, is obvious: to the older ones should be left the more difficult task of discovering and describing the minute or less striking features of the pictures.

Each reply should be a complete sentence. If the pupils are permitted to use disconnected phrases, in speaking or writing, they will, in after years, find it difficult to express themselves with ease and accuracy. The teacher should work into her questions the most difficult words in the Lesson; thus: "Did your kitty ever lick your hand?"

"Was her tongue rough or smooth?" "I once saw a cat's tongue under a microscope. You do not know what a microscope is? I will tell you," etc., etc. This familiar talk will help to bring out, on the next day,

A Wide-Awake Reading Lesson,

characterized by a degree of animation, and a variety of inflection that shall give ample proof of the pupils' interest in the subject. The children will enjoy, on the third day,

An Oral Language Lesson.

Let the pupils copy the words at the top of the Lesson. "Maria, can you use one of these words in a sentence?" Then the teacher must explain her question by making a number of easy sentences. Maria may say—"My kitty drinks milk from a **saucer**," or, "A cat has four **paws**." The pupils may choose any of the words; at the close of the lesson, it may be necessary to say, "Some words have not been used. Who can think of a sentence containing any of these words?"

This exercise will engrave on the children's minds the meaning and correct spelling of the words, and will prepare the class for the exercise of the next day.

A Written Language Lesson.

Let the children again copy the words at the top of the Lesson, and write sentences containing these words.

This drill may seem tedious, but it should be remembered that children enjoy what they thoroughly understand; and, also, that one lesson well learned, is better than a dozen lessons superficially read. Whenever it is advisable, the work of two or more days may be combined, and part of the class may do written work, while the rest read.

Teachers will observe that, if the words at the top of the Lessons are accented on the **first** syllable, the **accent mark** is not given.

THE
THIRD READER



I.—The Cat.

prey	caught	tear ing	en tire'ly
paws	tongue	fierce ly	squeez ing
rough	sau cer	a gainst'	cu ri os'i ty
should	catch'es	com mon	mi cro scope

“Papa, tell us something about this pussy,” said Kate Blanford, as she walked into the study with a strange cat in her arms. “Archie caught it in the yard; and he thinks it is a great curiosity.”

"It is, papa, a great curiosity," added Archie, who was close behind Kate. "I wonder whether you will find out why."

"I think I can tell you a great deal about cats," said Mr. Blanford, laying down his pen. "But what is there curious about this one? Give her to me. Ah! I see!—she has six toes on each foot. Do you know how many toes a cat should have?"

"Five on each foot," replied Archie, quickly.

"No, Archie," said Kate, "a cat has only four toes on each hind foot."

"That is right, Kate," said papa, "five on each front foot, four on each hind foot."

"Then cats usually have eighteen toes," said Archie; "but this one has—twenty-four!"

"I wonder," said papa, "whether this strange pussy has more teeth than other cats have. Open her mouth, Archie, and see."

"Pussy, keep still, and let us look at your teeth. There!—I'll part your lips!"

"She has twelve flat teeth in front," said Kate, "six above and six below. I wish I could see her back teeth!"

Just then, pussy, who did not seem at all afraid of her new friends, gave a yawn, showing every tooth she had.

"O, see these four long, sharp teeth!" exclaimed Archie, "one on each side of the flat teeth. I have no teeth so sharp as these."



A CAT'S SKULL.

"You do not need them," said papa. "All flesh-eating animals have four long, sharp teeth. They use them in tearing their food. Cats, you know, live almost entirely on flesh."

"So they do; our gray pussy catches a mouse every day. Once, when you were away, papa, she caught a big rat; you should have seen how proud she was of it!"

"If Old Gray would catch only rats and mice I should be glad," said Kate. "She catches those dear little red squirrels that run over the walls and chatter when they see us go by. I took two away from her last week."

"If she catches a squirrel when I am near," said Archie fiercely, "I'll ——"

"Take care—take care—Archie!" said papa. "You must not blame pussy for catching birds and squirrels. Look at her teeth again. See these large back teeth, eight on the upper, six on the lower jaw. Pussy would not have had these teeth if she were not

made to catch live creatures. It is with these teeth that she holds a little animal after catching it."

"Do tigers and lions have teeth like these?" asked Archie.

"Yes, my boy; if I see only the teeth of an animal, I can tell whether it feeds on flesh, or on grass and herbs. Of course, the tiger and the lion have much larger teeth than the cat has."

"I know of something else," said Kate, "that shows pussy was made to catch live creatures; see her sharp claws."

Archie took one of the cat's paws in his hand and gave it a squeeze, which pushed out the claws, making pussy growl, and strike at him with her other paw.



"There!" cried Kate, "that is the way her claws look when she is holding a mouse or a squirrel. When she is walking, you can scarcely see them."

"You are right," said papa. "The cat keeps her claws drawn back when she walks; if she did not, they would soon be worn off, so that she could not so easily catch or hold her prey.

"The dog cannot draw his claws in, so they are of little use to him. He has only his teeth to hold with; the cat can hold with both claws and teeth."

Pussy, forgetting that she had been angry at Archie for squeezing her paw, was purring and rubbing her head contentedly against Kate. Soon she turned her head and began to lick Kate's hand.

"O pussy!" said Kate, laughing, "I do not like your kisses. Why is it, papa, that cats have such rough tongues? A dog's tongue is almost as smooth as ours."

"There is something very curious about a cat's tongue," replied papa. "If you look at it through a microscope, you can see that it is covered with little cups, as it were. When pussy puts her tongue into a saucer of milk, all these little cups become filled."

"There!" said Archie; "now I know why a cat can lap up milk so quickly. Let us get some milk, and watch pussy while she drinks it."



II.—The Tiger.

their	chance	hun gry	el e phant
claws	though	whol ly	crouch ing
A si a	peo ple	coun tries	som er sault
knives	a greed'	tram pled	men ag'e rie

The Blanford's lived eight miles from the city; so the children did not have many chances to see wild animals, such as are kept in a menagerie. But one day they found the board fences covered with great show bills. There were pictures of tigers, lions, and many animals they had never heard of before.

Of course, the three children—Kate, Archie, and Fred—wanted to see the show. They asked papa, and he agreed to let them go if they would promise to tell him what they could remember about the animals.

The day after the show, they went into their papa's study, to talk about it.

Mr. Blanford was anxious to know what interested them most, and he did not interrupt them for half an hour.

Archie could talk of nothing but horse-back riding; and he became so excited that he threw his hat in the air, and turned somersaults over the arm of the sofa.

Fred had a great deal to say about the trained dogs, and the men who walked on the tight ropes.

Kate wondered whether the keepers were kind to the beautiful horses that danced on their hind legs, to the music of the band.

After a while, Mr. Blanford said, "I am glad, children, that you had so good a time; but I hope you did not forget to look at the animals."

"No, indeed, we did not," answered Fred. "We saw the animals before the show and afterwards, and there are ever so many questions that we should like to ask."

"It will be a good plan, children, to talk about some one animal, every time you come into the study. Which shall we talk about to-day?"

"The tiger," said Archie; and as the other children did not object, Mr. Blanford began:—

"The tiger is a big cat, with paws and claws like those of our own pussy, only much larger and stronger. It is said that a tiger can kill an ox with one stroke of his paw."

"Just think of that!" said Archie. "If I ever go to Asia, I hope I shall not meet a tiger."

"The claws of the tiger are terrible," continued Mr. Blanford; "they can cut like so many knives. His teeth are like those of a cat, only much larger."

"Then he feeds wholly upon flesh, I suppose," said Kate. "What kind of animals does he like best?"

"If he is hungry he will attack any creature. He is a great terror to the natives of the countries in which he is found, because he carries off horses, cows, and oxen. He will even carry off men and eat them."

"How dreadful!" said Kate. "I am glad there are no tigers in America."

"I should think, though, that people would know when they were coming," said Archie,

"by hearing their great roar. How the old tiger did roar, yesterday! He was angry because the bear was fed before he was."

"You are mistaken in thinking that people always hear the tiger before they see him," said Mr. Blanford. "He gets his food as a cat does, by crouching silently behind grass and bushes, and springing suddenly upon any creature that passes by."

"Papa," said Fred, "why don't the people in Asia kill the tigers?"

"Most of the natives are too poor to buy guns; and, if they had weapons, it would be dangerous to attack the tigers. When the rich people go out on a tiger hunt, they ride on elephants, trained for the sport."

"That must be a safe way to fight a tiger," said Fred. "A hunter who was on top of a great elephant would be out of reach; besides, being so high up, he could easily see where to shoot."

"You are right, my son. Tigers always make their homes near rivers, among the tall, rank grass; the great, heavy feet of the elephant trample down the grass and bushes, so that the tiger cannot easily hide from the hunter.

"But I must not stop longer to-day. Next time, we shall talk about some other animal that you saw."

III.—The Beaver.

build	hab its	weath er	fam i lies
heard	mo lars	gnaw ing	sep a rate
throat	troub le	plas tered	care ful ly
shin y	pad dles	to geth'er	en tran ces

"What animal will you tell us about to-day, papa?" asked Kate, as the three children seated themselves in the study.

"Tell us about lions!" said Archie. "I like to hear about the animals that men are afraid of."

"No, Archie," said Mr. Blanford. "I want you to be able to tell something of the habits of animals by seeing only their teeth and claws. You have learned a little about the teeth of flesh-eating animals."

"Yes. Their jaws are full of sharp teeth."

"When you have seen how different the teeth of gnawing animals are, you will have no trouble in telling whether a creature lives on flesh or not," said papa.

"I think I never saw a gnawing animal," said Kate.

"I am not sure of that," replied papa. "I should say, rather, that you had not kept your eyes open to learn what you could. I



am going to tell you to-day about the beaver, the most curious of all gnawing animals."

"We saw two beavers at the show," Fred.

"I did not see any beavers," remarked Archie.

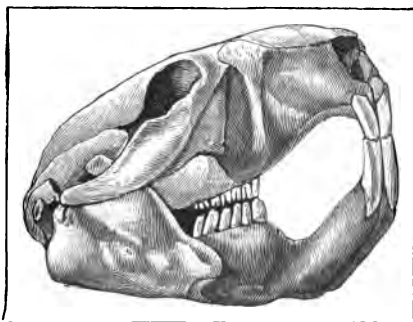
"Don't you remember those little creatures," asked Fred, "about three feet long, with shiny black hair? We heard a man say that the fur near their skin was soft as silk. They lived in a sort of tank, partly filled with water, and there were rocks at one end of it."

"O, yes, now I know!" said Archie. "Do you remember, Kate, what funny shaped tails they had—just like paddles?"

"Yes; and one beaver swam with a stick in his mouth."

"I suppose you could not see into their mouths," said Mr. Blanford, taking down a book from his library. "This picture will show you how odd the teeth of beavers and of all gnawing animals are."

"What queer teeth!" exclaimed Archie. "I am sure a beaver cannot catch a rat or any other small animal. It would run right out of that big round hole in the front of his mouth, where there are no teeth."



A BEAVER'S SKULL.

"All gnawing animals have teeth that look very much like those in this picture," said Mr. Blanford, "four in front, very long and sharp; then a large round space in which there are no teeth. Back of this are molars, with which they chew their food."

"No wonder that the beaver at the show thought it good fun to carry a stick in his mouth!" said Archie. "I almost think that the mouth of gnawing animals was made to carry sticks."

"Not very far from the truth, so far as beavers are concerned," replied Mr. Blanford. "If they had not this way of carrying their timber, I do not know how they could build their wonderful houses."

"Houses?" cried Archie, with a laugh, "do tell us about them!"

"Sometimes the beaver builds his house near a pond, but he prefers running water; and, as he is found mostly in the north, where the rivers freeze in winter and overflow their banks in spring, you can guess what would happen to his home if it were not made very snug and strong."

"I should think it would be washed away," said Kate, "like the houses on the banks of rivers out West."

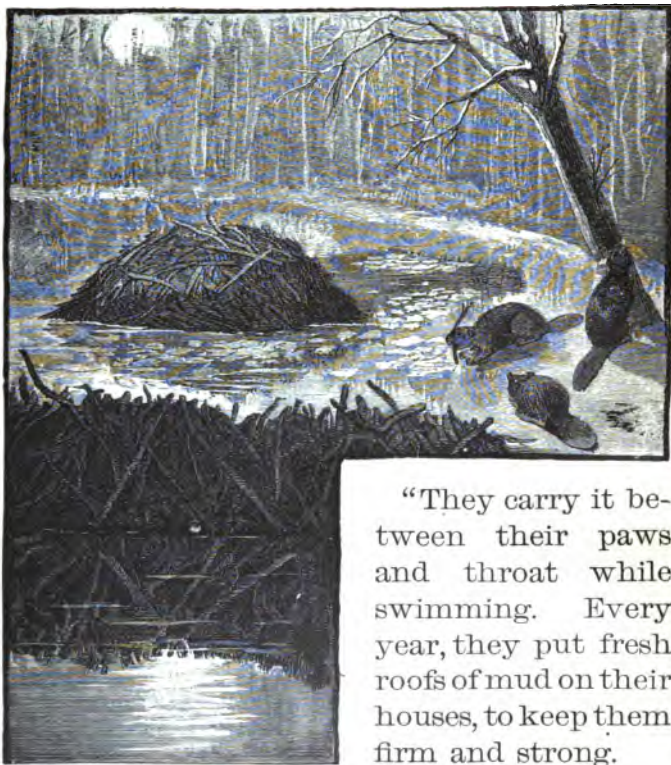
"Beavers seem to know what dangers may come to them, for they take great pains to make their houses very strong. I will try to describe to you a beaver town."

"A beaver town, papa! What do you mean by that?"

"A number of beavers get together and select a good place for building. Their houses are round in shape and are partly under, partly over, the water."

"The walls of their houses are very thick and strong, being made with branches and moss, plastered over with mud."

"I should like to see the beavers at work," said Archie. "How do they carry the mud?"



"They carry it between their paws and throat while swimming. Every year, they put fresh roofs of mud on their houses, to keep them firm and strong."

"Several families of beavers live together in the same house; but they have separate rooms or nests, with separate entrances, all of which are under water. So you see, when they go visiting, they have to swim."

"No animals can catch them, except such as are very good swimmers, or are strong enough to scratch a hole in the side of the beaver houses."

"Papa," said Fred, "I don't see what beavers do in winter, when the rivers are frozen. How do they get out of their houses then?"

"I am glad you asked me that question, Fred; it leads me to tell you of the wonderful dams built by the beavers."

"Real dams, papa," asked Kate, "like those in the river by the saw mills?"

"Yes," said papa, "and made even stronger than those built by men. These little creatures fell small trees, by gnawing them.

"Then they drag the trees to the place at which they are to build the dam, and lay them down, fastening them in place by putting stones and mud on each end.

"Sometimes, these dams are ten or twelve feet thick at the bottom; although, at the top, which is above the water, they are only about two feet thick."

"I know how it is," said Fred; "the dams are built farther down stream than the houses are; so, even if the surface of the river is frozen, the beavers have a place

to swim in, because the dams make the water deep."

"That is it, Fred. I wonder you do not ask what they eat during winter."

"I was thinking of that," said Kate. "I suppose they lay up a store of food for cold weather, as other animals do."

"When they have felled a tree, they carefully gnaw off all the bark and stow it away in their houses. This is their winter food. Of course, they become quite lean in winter, but they grow fat again as soon as the spring gives them sweet herbs and berries."

"Papa," said Fred, "it is a wonder to me that beavers and all gnawing animals do not wear out their teeth. Even tools wear out, after a while."

"In some ways," said Mr. Blanford, "the front teeth of beavers are better than tools made of steel. They do not need sharpening; and, instead of wearing out, they keep on growing all the time."

"Papa," said Archie, "do you think we shall see a beaver some time, when we go to the mountains?"

"Possibly," said Mr. Blanford, "but the poor beavers have been so often hunted for the sake of their fine fur, that they are now very scarce."

IV.—Gnawing Animals.

pear	proved	nib bled	squir rel
ti ny	inch es	man age	naugh ty
rogue	ker nel	ex pands'	prob a bly
un til'	car ried	mis chief	chip munk

The next time the children went to talk with their papa, they all looked as if they had something interesting to say; for papa had said that he should expect each one to tell something about a gnawing animal.

"Well, Fred," said Mr. Blanford, "what have you to tell us?"

"I have learned," replied Fred, "that squirrels are gnawing animals. Their teeth look very much like the pictures of the beaver's teeth, only smaller. Besides, I have seen squirrels gnaw.

"I watched a squirrel yesterday. He took up a filbert, which I had thrown on the ground, in his fore paws, and bit off one end with his sharp teeth.



A SQUIRREL'S PAW AND SKULL.

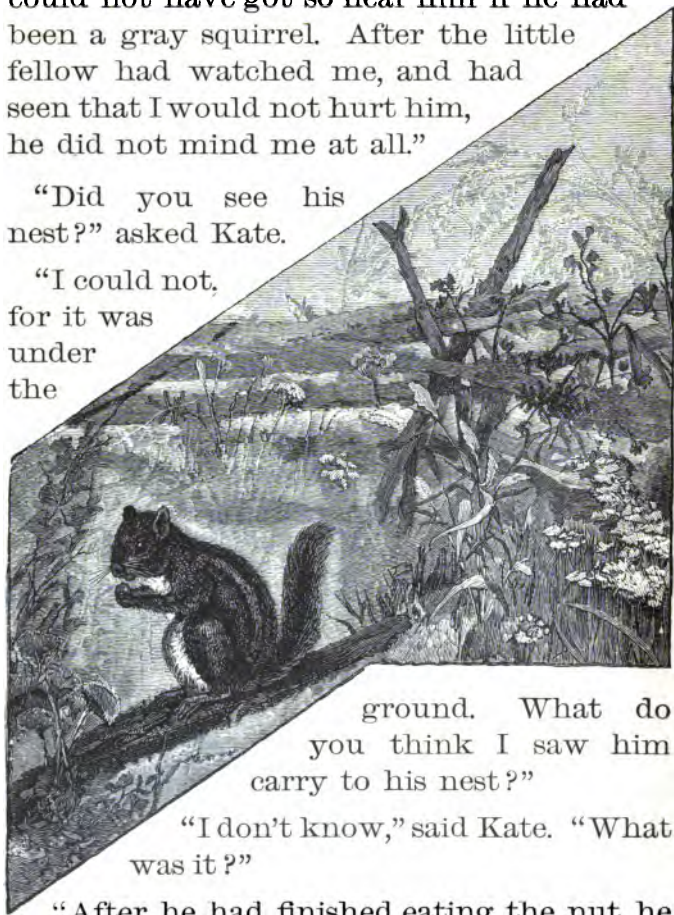
"Then he cracked the nut again until he got hold of the kernel. I wish you could have seen how cunning he looked."

"Was he a big gray squirrel?" asked Archie.

"No, he was a little chipmunk. I think I could not have got so near him if he had been a gray squirrel. After the little fellow had watched me, and had seen that I would not hurt him, he did not mind me at all."

"Did you see his nest?" asked Kate.

"I could not, for it was under the



ground. What do you think I saw him carry to his nest?"

"I don't know," said Kate. "What was it?"

"After he had finished eating the nut, he picked up the rest of the filberts that I had thrown on the ground, bit off the sharp ends and stowed them away in his cheeks. I could not help laughing, he looked so

cunning, pushing in the nuts with his paws. After he had tucked away four nuts, he carried them to his nest."

"Did he come back for more filberts?" asked Archie.

"Yes, and I noticed that he carried four each time."

"The little rogue!" said Kate; "I wish I could have seen him."

"You have told us a good story, Fred," said Mr. Blanford. "Archie, what can you tell us about?"

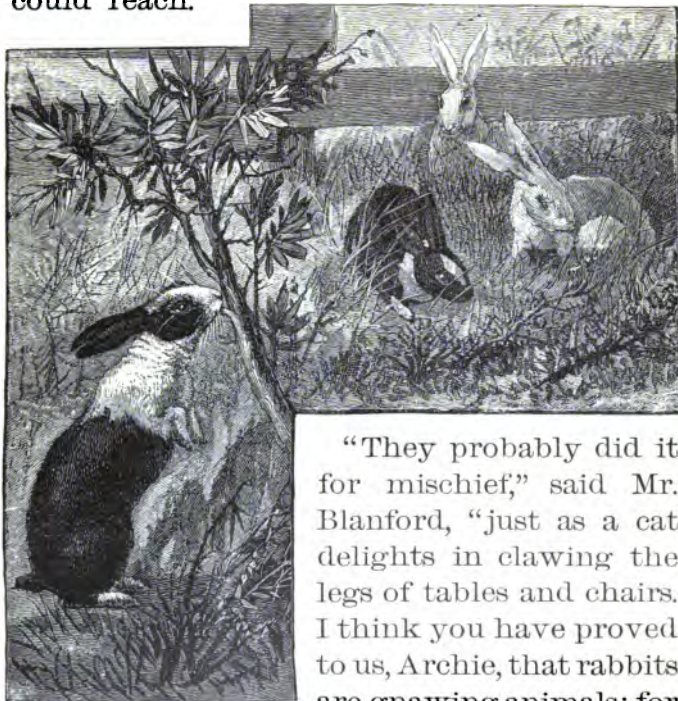
"Rabbits are gnawing animals," answered Archie. "I was in Mr. Smith's garden, yesterday, and I heard him say, 'Harry, you must manage to keep your rabbits shut up, or I shall have to give them away. Come here and see what mischief they have done in my fruit-garden.'"

"Harry and I looked, and saw that they had nibbled the bark from half a dozen young pear trees."

"Perhaps some naughty boys did it," said Fred. "What made you think the rabbits were the rogues?"

"We saw the marks of their teeth," said Archie, "and there were little heaps of bark round each tree. Besides, Mr. Smith's gardener saw them, and drove them all

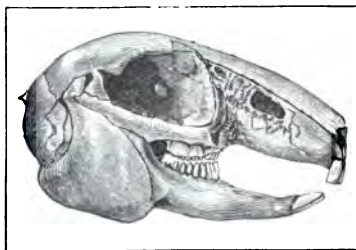
away. They must have stood on their hind legs and nibbled the bark as far as they could reach."



"They probably did it for mischief," said Mr. Blanford, "just as a cat delights in clawing the legs of tables and chairs. I think you have proved to us, Archie, that rabbits are gnawing animals; for

if their teeth had been shaped like those of a cat or a dog, they could not have done such mischief to the trees. Kate, what have you to tell us?"

"I know that rats and mice are gnaw-



A RABBIT'S SKULL.

ing animals," answered Kate. "They gnaw holes through boxes, and through wooden floors even. I never liked rats—they are such a bother in the house; but I should like to see a harvest-mouse, such as they have in England—it must be so cunning."

"I can show you a picture of harvest-mice," said Mr. Blanford, taking a book from his study table. "They are said to be the smallest of the gnawing animals."

"What dear little things!" cried the children, as they looked at the picture. "Do tell us something about them!"

"The harvest-mouse is about two and a half inches long; its tail is as long as its body. This tiny animal sometimes builds its nest on four heavy stems of wheat or grass, about ten inches from the ground.



A HARVEST-MOUSE.

"The nest is made of dry grass, and is

open-work, like a lady's basket. It is round, and about as large as a cricket-ball. It is made in such a way that it expands, or grows larger, when the six or eight little mice within it begin to grow."

"O, I wish I could see such a pretty little home!" said Kate. "How the cunning cradle must rock when the wind blows!"

"And how it must fall when the men cut down the grass," added Archie.

"Children," said Mr. Blanford, "I am glad to find that you have all kept your eyes open since our last talk, trying to learn for yourselves. Next time, I shall give you something else to think about."

V.—The Elk.

lose	served	put ting	di vid'ed
pair	fe male	wheth er	se lect'ed
none	whol ly	chew ing	skel e ton
hoofs	nei ther	pol ished	Feb ru a ry

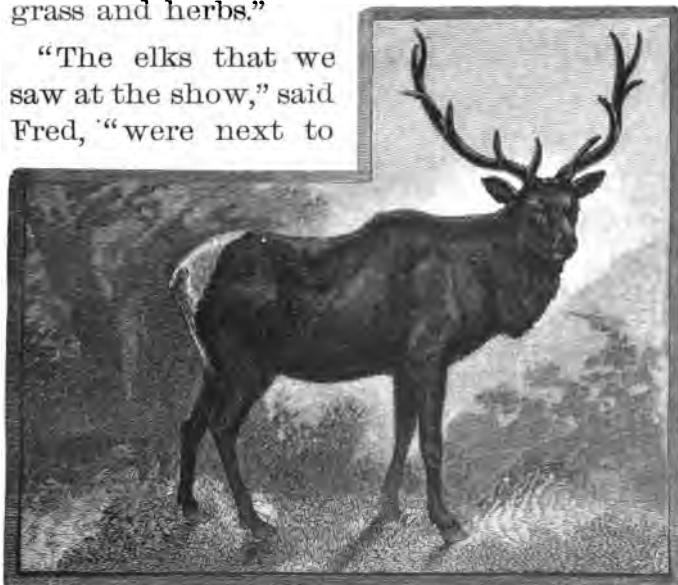
In the hall of Mr. Blanford's house was a fine pair of horns. They were polished and fastened to the wall, and served for a hat-rack.

One afternoon, as the children hung up their hats, Kate said, "These horns are just

like some that we saw at the show;—I wonder whether these are elk's horns." So, in the next talk they had with papa, they told him that they wanted to learn about the elk.

"I am glad that you have selected the elk," he said. "It belongs to a different class of animals from those which we have talked about. It is a chewing animal and lives on grass and herbs."

"The elks that we saw at the show," said Fred, "were next to



the tigers. One of the little tigers was lying on its back, putting its paws on the bars of its cage. This made me look at the feet of the big elk; and I saw that he had hoofs split in the middle, like two large toes; and a little way up, on the back of each foot, was another sort of toe."

"Very good," said Mr. Blanford. "This is one of the ways by which you can tell an animal that chews its cud; each foot is divided into two large toes which are covered with hoofs."

"That is queer," said Archie. "I do not see why they should have feet so different from flesh-eating animals."

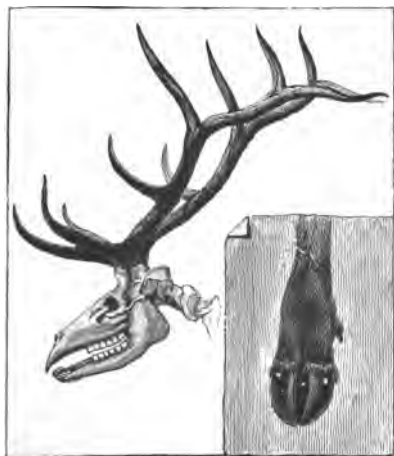
"Now, Archie," said Kate, "you know that an animal which kills its prey needs sharp claws. Creatures that live on grass do not need any claws."

"Did you notice any other difference, Fred, between the tiger and the elk?" asked papa.

"Yes, sir; it was so warm when we were at the show, that a part of the time one of the elks kept his mouth open and his

tongue out. This gave me a good chance to see his teeth."

"I noticed his teeth, too," said Kate. "They were not at all like those of the cruel animals; but I think Fred can describe them better than I can."



SKULL AND FOOT OF ELK.

"The elk had eight front teeth on the lower, but none on the upper jaw," said Fred. "Then there was a large space where you could see only gums; but on both jaws there were big back teeth that looked somewhat like ours."

"Now, children, you know just how the jaws of all chewing animals look."

"It is very interesting," said Fred. "The next time I see the bones of an animal's head anywhere—for I do see skeletons sometimes—I shall know whether it belonged to a flesh-eating, a gnawing, or a chewing animal."

"But, papa," said Kate, "I want to hear more about elks. I never saw live ones till the other day; but I always liked to see pictures of them."

"I suppose that there were two or three elks in the cage," said Mr. Blanford. "Did they all have horns?"

"No," said Kate, "one had horns like those in our hall. The other large elk had no horns; neither had the little elks."

"The female elk never has horns. The male has a new pair every year."

"Why, papa," said Archie, "you do not mean to say that those great horns fall off, and new ones come?"

"Yes, Archie, in February the horns fall off, and, very soon, new ones begin to grow. The elk is very shy then; but it is sometimes dangerous to meet him when his horns are fully grown."

"Did you ever see an elk when his horns were partly grown?" asked Fred.

"Yes," said Mr. Blanford. "Once, when I was traveling across the country on horseback, I stopped to drink water from a brook. Here I found three or four elks; they were lying down, chewing their cud."

"If it was in the spring," said Kate, "I suppose their horns were not grown."

"They were not wholly grown. At first the elks seemed shy; but I happened to have some salt which they were very glad to get. One of them let me pat him. His horns were covered with a soft, velvet-like skin, very hot to the touch. This skin falls off when the horns are grown."

"I never knew before," said Fred, "that elks lose their horns every year. Does any other chewing animal have more than one pair of horns in its lifetime?"

"Elks and other animals of the deer family, are the only creatures that shed their horns. Next time, we shall talk about some other chewing animal."

VI.—Archie's First Letter.*

Dear Kate:

You and I are to write to each other. Mamma says so. Are you glad? O dear! I never know where to put a capital letter and where not to put it.

Mamma heard me say this and she said: "Archie, that is a very easy matter if you will only take a little pains. I will give you one rule to write in each letter that you send to Kate; and she must copy this rule in her letter to you."

*This is the rule mamma gave me to-day:—
"Every distinct sentence should begin with a capital."*

That is easy enough to remember. I knew it before;—didn't you? There is not much to write about to-day, so I am glad of the rule. It helps to fill up the page.

I hope you will have something interesting to tell me when you write. I shall look for a letter to-morrow morning.

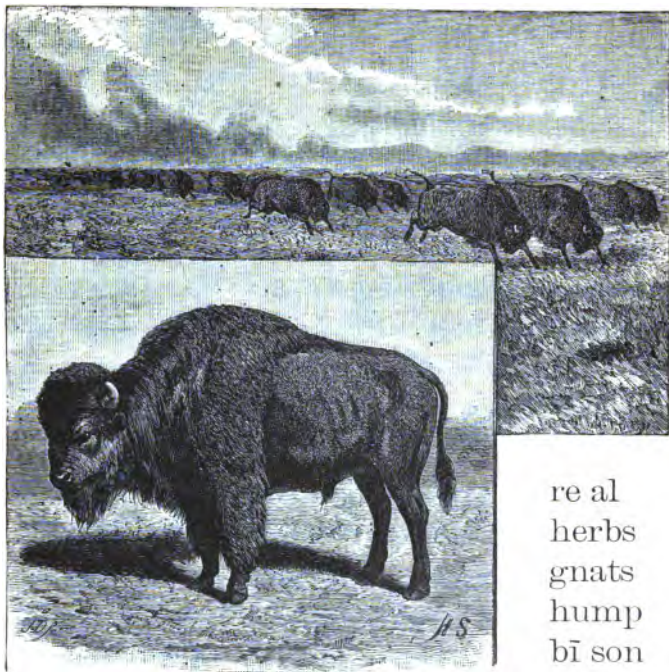
We should have a Post-Office box. What do you say to putting our letters in that hole in the trunk of the old maple tree?

Good-by!

Archie.

P. S.—Don't forget the rule.

* See Writing Letters, Preface.



VII.—The Bison.

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trav el ing
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A mer' i can
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"Papa," said Fred, the next time the children went into the study for a talk, "there was another animal at the show, that I think you must have seen when you were traveling out West. This was called the 'American Bison.'"

"Do tell us about him," said Archie. "It is more interesting to hear about animals that you have seen."

"First," continued Mr. Blanford, "I want you all to tell me what you remember about the bison that you saw at the show."

"He was a large, shaggy-looking animal," said Kate, "and had a hump on his back. I never saw so thick and long a mane as he had. It almost reached to the ground."

"He was like a great bull wearing a shaggy fur coat that partly covered him," added Archie. "His eyes were black and very bright."

"His horns were nearer his nose than a bull's horns are," said Fred. "They were smaller, too; perhaps they only looked small, being almost covered with his black mane. His feet looked like those of the elk, but they were not so large. I remember they were divided in the middle, and had hoofs."

"Then the bison is a chewing animal," remarked Archie, with a wise look.

"Of course, the bison lives on grass and herbs," said Kate. "That one we saw at the show had some hay in one corner of his cage; and now and then he took a nibble of it."

"Well, children," said Mr. Blanford, "you have given me a pretty good description of the bison that you saw. Now I will tell you of the first time I saw a bison. It was in England, in a museum."

"Then, I suppose," said Fred, "that he was stuffed; was he not?"

"Yes; but he looked so life-like, so proud and fierce, that I was startled when I first caught sight of him.

"When I read his name on the large glass case—'American Bison'—I was glad to think that the great forests and plains of our country still give homes to wild animals. In England, you know, there are no vast tracts of uncultivated land, as there are in America.

"A gentleman who was standing near, and who knew that I was from the United States, asked, 'Are there many of these wild creatures near where you live?'

"'No, indeed,' I replied, 'they never come near towns and cities. But, in our immense country, in the far West, there are great tracts of land over which herds of bisons roam, unseen by man.'"

"Papa," said Archie, "I don't think it is interesting to hear about stuffed bisons; I wish you had seen real live ones."

"O, I did, afterwards. Three or four of us were traveling on horseback, in the West. One day, we saw a large dark object many miles ahead of us—for we were on level ground.

"We thought at first that it was a forest; but we soon saw that it moved, now this way, now that. We rode close to it; and what do you think it was?"

"I don't know," said Archie. "What was it?"

"Thousands and thousands of wild bisons feeding on the prairie!

"We were not seen by any of the herd, until just as we came upon them. Those nearest us were frightened, and ran. That scared the rest; and soon the whole herd were running over the plains.

"Such a trampling of feet, and such a cloud of dust as they raised! The ground looked as if it had been plowed, it was so torn up by their hoofs."

"Were you not afraid, papa?" said Kate.

"No, for the bison will not attack man, except to defend himself; he is even shy and timid.

"We stayed that night at a house where we had for supper some juicy, tender steak from the hump of a bison.

"We met there two hunters, who told us many strange stories of their life among the wilds of the West."

"Please tell us some of them," said Archie

"Our talk has been long enough to-day. Next time, I shall want each of you to tell me about some chewing animal; after that, I will tell you of a creature that gave the hunters a great deal of trouble."

VIII.—Archie's Second Letter.

Dear Kate:

We shall have some fun in writing to each other after all. The best of it will be, going to our Post-Office box to find a letter. I wish we did not have to think of the rule, each time!

The rule for to-day is—"Days of the week, and months of the year, should begin with capitals;" as, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday; January, Feb—, I have forgotten how to spell the second one, so I will leave the months for you to write.

You did not tell me what you did yesterday, when you went to play with Lizzie Smith.

Please tell me in your next.

Archie.



IX.—Other Animals that Chew the Cud.

goat	up per	stow ing	crop ping
jerks	but ted	fast ened	brows ing
lla ma	chewed	ea ger ly	swal lowed
cam el	re al ly	stom ach	ex cep'tions

“Well, children,” said Mr. Blanford, at their next talk, “I hope you all have something interesting to tell me to-day. Kate, you look as if you had something to say;—what is it?”

“I have been thinking lately, papa, about the animals that eat grass, and trying to learn what I could by watching some of them. At first, I thought that they all

chewed a cud; but now I know better, for I have been watching old Mac, the horse."

"It is a great deal to find out even one fact for yourself," said Mr. Blanford. "Did you learn anything more?"

"I don't know that I learned much, papa; but I kept saying to myself, 'Why should not a horse chew a cud, as well as a cow?' And then I thought this:—a cow has nothing to do but eat, lie down and rest, and give milk; but a horse has to work a great deal, so that he has no time to chew a cud."

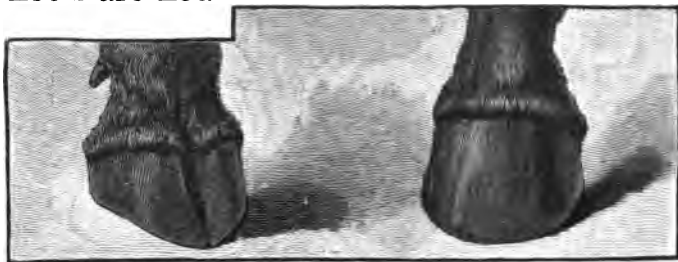
"That is true, so far as it goes; but it is readily seen that a horse was not made to chew a cud. You must have noticed whether the teeth of the horse and the cow are alike."

"They are not alike, papa. The cow has no upper front teeth. The horse has as many teeth as we have; but there is a little space on each jaw, where there are no teeth—this is where the bit goes."

"One thing more," added Mr. Blanford. "Did you see how unlike, in their manner of eating grass, the horse and the cow are?"

"Yes, papa, I did," said Kate eagerly. "A horse just bites off the grass, and a cow gets hold of it between her upper jaw and tongue, and her lower teeth, and pulls it off with a jerk."

"The feet of a horse and a cow are not alike," said Fred. Both animals have hoofs; but a cow's hoofs are divided; a horse's hoofs are not."



A COW'S HOOF.

A HORSE'S HOOF.

"Papa," said Kate, "I do want to know how a cow can chew grass after she has once swallowed it."

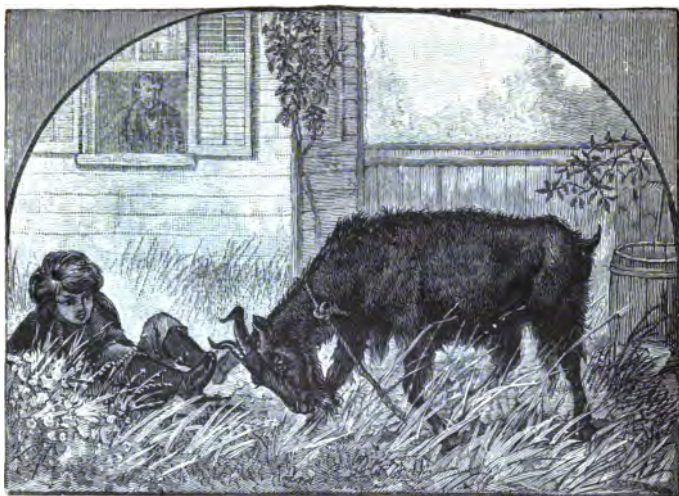
"I am glad you asked me that question, Kate; and I will answer it after Fred has told me his story."

"I have very little to tell," said Fred; "but I know that sheep chew their cud, and that they have no upper front teeth."

Just then, Archie, who so far had nothing to tell, saw a goat cropping grass quite near the house. The goat had broken away from a stake to which he had been tied and was quietly browsing.

"Papa," said Archie, "do goats chew a cud?"

"Find out," said Mr. Blanford; and Archie jumped through the open window, and ran towards the goat.



"Come here, sir!" said Archie. The goat looked at him a minute and then ran at him, and butted him over into the tall grass.

"Archie," said Fred, laughing, "do goats have horns?"

"I—I—think they have," answered Archie, getting up and looking a little ashamed. There is no knowing what else the goat might have tried to do; but Mr. Blanford went out, and, quietly taking up the rope which was fastened round the goat's neck, held his head still, and parted his lips while the children looked at his teeth.

"No upper teeth," said Archie; "so I suppose he chews a cud."

"The goat did not quite scare you out of your wits, Archie," said Mr. Blanford; "you have told me what I hoped you would all find out for yourselves, and that is,—animals that have no upper front teeth chew a cud.

"There are two animals, in far-off countries, that have upper front teeth, and yet chew a cud; they are the camel, and the llama, with its long, silky wool. But, with those exceptions, what Archie said is true.

"The camel and the llama cannot always get soft grass to eat. They often have to feed on bushes and twigs that are hard to bite. This is why they need upper teeth. But let us go back into the house, and I will try to answer Kate's question.

"The chewing animals have the power of swallowing quickly a great deal of food. After this is chewed a little, it passes into the stomach, which is in four parts.

"The first part is much larger than the rest, so that it may hold the food when it is first swallowed.

"When a cow is at rest, some of the food passes into the second part of the stomach, where it is rolled into little balls.

"Some of these little balls of grass come back into the mouth whenever the cow wants to chew her cud. When they are

chewed enough, she swallows them again, and they pass into the third and then into the fourth part of the stomach."

"How strange it all is, papa!" said Kate. "I see now why a cow seems so happy when she is chewing her cud—she is really eating her dinner then. When she was pulling off the grass, she was only stowing it away—getting it ready for dinner."

X.—Archie's Third Letter.

Dear Kate:

Mamma says you spelled all the names of the months correctly. Of course you ought to spell better than I, because you are older.

What a jolly time you must have had at Lizzie Smith's! When do you think you will go again?

This morning I heard mamma say that next Wednesday would be her birthday. I wish I had not spent all my money! Tell me what you are going to give her; and in my next letter I will tell you what my present will be; that is, if I can make one pretty enough, and I think I can.

I almost forgot the rule mamma gave me to-day:—"I and O should always be written in capitals."

*Good-by. Write soon to
Archie.*

XI.—The Wolf.

piece	no tice	qui et	dread ful
peace	drear y	close ly	sur prised'
bush y	farm er	fight ing	re turn'ing
wolves	cow ard	howl ing	dân ger ous

"Papa," said Fred, as the children seated themselves for another talk, "I want to know what animal it was that gave the hunters trouble."

"It might have been a bear," said Archie. "Grandpa says there were bears in our woods when he was a little boy."

"No," said papa, "it was an animal that looks something like a dog; but its teeth are longer, sharper, and stronger, and its tail is more bushy."

"I know now what you are going to talk about," said Fred,— "wolves. We saw some at the show. Don't you remember, Kate, that you said the animals in one of the cages looked like cross dogs?"

"Yes, I remember; and two of the wolves were fighting, and made a noise like the howling of dogs. The keeper went to their cage and stopped them. If he had not done so, I think they would have hurt each other, for they showed their teeth and looked very ugly."

"Wolves," said Mr. Blanford, "are found in almost all parts of the world, in hot as well as in cold countries; and everywhere they show the same cruelty."

"Did the hunters that you told us about see many wolves?" asked Archie.

"Yes. Wolves go in packs, and this is why they are so dangerous. Every night, the hunters keep a bright fire burning; and often a pack of wolves may be seen not very far off, watching for a chance to steal the game which the hunters have killed."

"O, dear!" said Kate, "I should not like to be a hunter. It would be dreadful to know that a pack of wolves was near by."

"They seldom attack men or horses. They are great cowards, when they are not excited in the chase."

"I should think," added Fred, "that hunters would be unable to sleep in peace, for fear the wolves would carry off their game."

"Hunters know that wolves will not touch the game if a scarecrow is placed near it, although they often attack a large bison. They show none of the noble traits we often see in dogs, though they are much like them in form and size, and in the shape of their jaws and teeth."



“Once, some travelers were riding at night in a wagon, across a dreary plain. Soon they were closely followed by a pack of howling wolves. One of the party, who knew how easily they could be frightened, trailed a rope from the back of the wagon. This scared the wolves, so that they ran off into the woods. I have heard another story that shows how cowardly they are.”

“Do let us hear it,” said Archie, drawing nearer.

“One night, a large wolf fell into a pit by the side of a road. Not long after, a poor woman, returning from her work, fell into the same pit, and there both of them stayed all night.

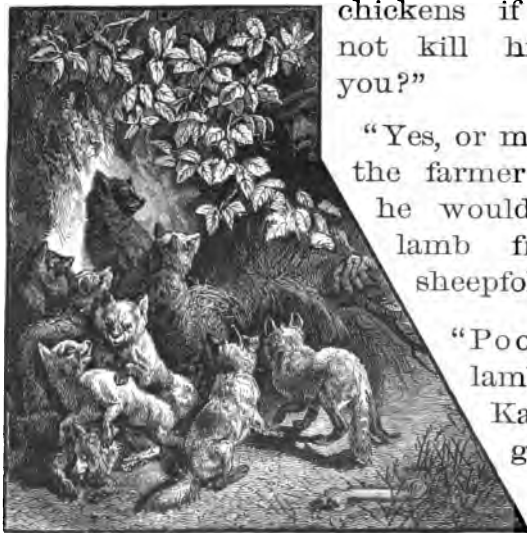
"The wolf was so frightened when he found he could not get out, that he did not seem to notice the woman, but lay quiet at the bottom of the pit. In the morning, a farmer going by helped the woman out, and then shot the wolf."

"It was not very hard work to shoot that wolf," said Archie. "I suppose the farmer thought the wolf might catch his hens and

chickens if he did not kill him,—don't you?"

"Yes, or more likely the farmer thought he would steal a lamb from the sheepfold."

"Poor little lamb!" said Kate. "I am glad the wolf was shot."



"I owned a wolf once," said Mr. Blanford.

"You, papa! owned a live wolf?" shouted the children.

"Yes; my grandfather was a famous hunter. One day, he killed two wolves and found their nest with nine little ones in it."

"The nest was lined with soft moss, and with fur which the mother-wolf had pulled from her own body."

"Poor little things!" said Kate. "What became of them?"

"My grandfather sold eight of them to a man who had a show in a city. The other one he gave to me. At first, my mother was unwilling that I should have such a pet. But she soon became used to it, and it grew to be a large wolf."

"Did it never try to bite you?" asked Archie, surprised.

"No, indeed. I fed it two or three times a day with pieces of meat; and it grew to be as fond of me as a dog, and followed me wherever I went."

"Where is it now?" asked Fred.

"It was my pet for three years, when it died. Do you remember the fur rug before the fire-place in our guest-chamber?"

"I do," said Kate. "It is yellowish brown, with a little black round the edges."

"That rug was made from the skin of my pet wolf."

"Why, papa!" shouted the children. "I wonder you never told us about it before!"

XII.—Archie's Fourth Letter.

Dear Kate:

I know mamma will like the present you have for her. Fred says he shall give her a silver thimble. You know mamma lost her pretty gold one.

I wish I had not spent all my money, so that I could buy something for mamma. I should think she would not care at all for my present, if I had not heard her say one day, she thought presents that were made by the giver, were best of all.

I forgot!—you do not know yet what I am making—it is a hanging basket. I shall have ferns and vines growing in it. Do you think it will please mamma? I hope she will hang it in the bay-window where she sits to read and sew.

We must arrange some plan for giving the presents! Would you put them round mamma's plate at breakfast? or would you have them on the sitting-room table, and not let her see them till breakfast is over? Perhaps you can think of a plan that is better still.

Your brother,

Archie.

P. S.—This is the rule for to-day:—"Names of persons and of places should always begin with capitals."

A——.

XIII.—The Giraffe.

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 lev el tall est eight een shoe-soles
 for est car rots harm less as par'a gus
 shields spot ted awk ward veg e ta bles

"Papa," said Kate, at their next talk, "did you ever see a live giraffe?"

"Only at a show. I have not seen giraffes in their native country, for I never went to Africa."

"Is it not the tallest animal in the world?" asked Fred. "It was taller than any other animal we saw at the menagerie."

"Yes. A full-grown male giraffe is from eighteen to twenty feet high; the female is not quite so high."

"O, how funny it must be, to live where the giraffes are!" said Kate. "Think of waking up in the morning, and seeing a giraffe looking into your chamber window!"

"It is tall enough, that is true," said Mr. Blanford, "and it is a harmless, gentle creature; but I think it does not come near houses. Giraffes live in the forests, where they can find the food they like."

"No one could make a pet of a giraffe," said Archie, with a knowing look. "In the first place, it is too large to get into

anybody's door; and, in the next place, how could you feed it? If you should put its food on the ground, the giraffe could not reach it, its neck is so long."

"That is not quite true," said Mr. Blanford. "I remember I was at a show when I



was a boy, and some one gave the tall giraffe a big lump of sugar, putting it on the ground before him. The giraffe reached the sugar after awhile, but it was very awkward about it."

"We saw the giraffes eat, the other day," said Archie. "They had nothing but hay, which was so high in their tent that they had to reach up for it."

"I thought they did not seem to

care much for the hay," added Kate, "and I wished I had some food to give them, that they would like better."

"Probably their keeper gave them carrots, turnips, and other vegetables," said Mr. Blandford. "In Africa, they live mostly upon the leaves of acacia trees."

"The giraffe is said to be very dainty, and plucks only the freshest and greenest leaves. When fed with grass, it takes each blade between its lips, and nibbles carefully from the top to the stem, leaving that part which is not tender, very much as we eat asparagus."

"Papa," said Fred, "giraffes are so gentle, that I do not see how they can live in a country in which there are lions and tigers. Can they run fast?"

"No, they have a very awkward way of running, and can easily be overtaken by a man; that is, on level ground. When a giraffe is attacked by wild beasts, it keeps its head out of reach, and gives a shower of kicks so quickly that even a lion cannot overcome it. If the lion should suddenly spring unseen, the giraffe could not defend itself."

"What a pity that a giraffe should be killed in that way!" said Kate. "Think what a beautiful creature it is! Its spotted

coat is so pretty, and its lovely black eyes are so large, so soft, and tender! I admired the giraffe more than any other animal we saw."

"I didn't," said Archie; "I liked the tigers best. It was fun to hear them roar."

"There is something very peculiar about the giraffe," said Mr. Blanford. "It never utters a sound. Even when it is in pain, it suffers without making a cry."

"How strange!" said Kate; "I should think no one could be cruel to such a creature!"

"Did you notice anything singular about the giraffe's tongue?" asked Mr. Blanford.

"I noticed that it was very long," said Fred; "that is all."

"If you could see the giraffe eat in the forest, you would find that not only can it make its tongue long or short, but it also has the power of taking hold of the leaves with its tongue, almost as we would grasp them with our hands."

"I know why a giraffe needs a tongue that can take hold of its food," said Archie. "Other animals use their paws when they are eating; a giraffe's head is too high up for that."

"Not all of the other animals use their paws in eating," said Fred,— "oxen and sheep

do not. But their necks are short, so they have no trouble in reaching the grass."

"Tell us something else, papa, about the giraffe," said Archie.

"Its flesh, when cooked, is said to be very nice. Its hide is very thick, and is made into shields and shoe-soles. That is all I can tell you, to-day."

XIV.—Archie's Fifth Letter.

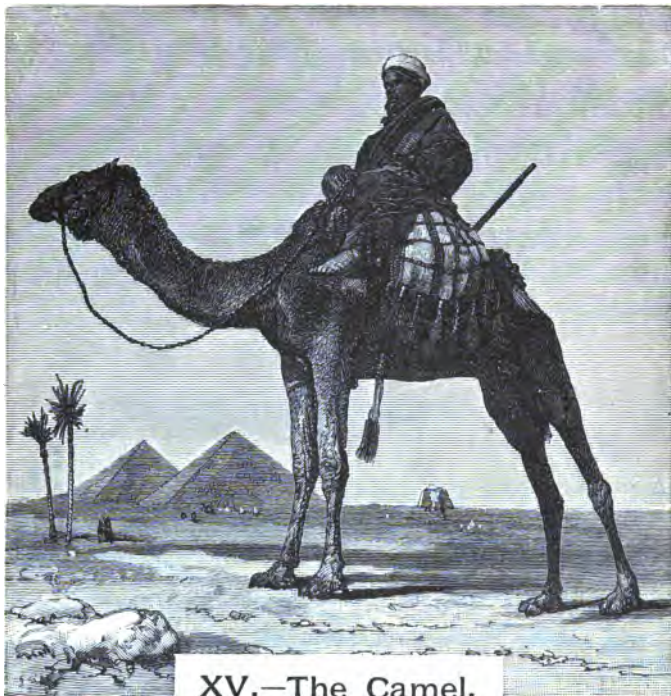
Dear Kate:

I like your plans for mamma's birthday. I think we can give her the best time that she ever had. My hanging-basket is finished, and I am trying to make something else. It is a motto, like that we saw at Lizzie Smith's. Papa printed it for me, and I am coloring it. This is what it is:—"Heavenly Father, bless our home."

While papa was printing it, he said, "Archie, I will give you a rule for your next letter,—'All names of the Deity should begin with a capital letter.'" You see I wrote the motto for papa to copy; and I began "Heavenly Father" with small letters. That is why he thought I needed this rule.

What are you going to do next Saturday? Fred is going away, and I don't know what to do.

Archie.



XV.—The Camel.

PART I.

o a sis	cush ion	eye lash es
o cean	jour ney	smoth ered
is land	col umns	thought ful
nour ish	car a van	dròm e da ry

"Children," said Mr. Blanford, "can you tell me what a desert is?"

"It is a great sandy place," said Archie.

"The largest desert is in the north of Africa," said Fred.

"Have you nothing to tell, Kate?"

"People travel in a desert for days, and see no trees, no hills, no green grass, nothing but hot sand; just as, at sea, one sees nothing but water."

"But there are green places in the desert," said Fred, "just as there are islands in the ocean. I have forgotten what they are called."

"They are called oases," said Mr. Blanford. "If travelers did not sometimes find an oasis, where they could get water to drink, they would die of thirst."

"Their horses would die, too," said Archie, with a knowing look; "all horses have to be watered every few hours."

"Horses could not endure long tramps across the sandy desert," said Mr. Blanford; "that is, unless there was some way of carrying water for them. They would die of heat and thirst. Besides, a horse is not strong enough to carry much more than his rider; and wagons could not be drawn across a desert."

"No," said Archie, "I think they could not. The wheels would sink down into the sand. How, then, can people get across a desert?"

"There is one animal that seems to have been made on purpose to endure long journeys under the hot rays of the sun; and that animal is the camel. And is it not singular that the camel is found only near a desert, where he is most needed? We should find little use for a camel in this country.

"Children," continued Mr. Blanford, "what do you think would trouble a camel most in crossing a desert?"

"I am thinking," said Fred, "how hot and tired a camel's feet must get, walking through the sand."

"Nothing could be better fitted than the camel's foot, to tread on the loose, shifting sand of the desert. The toes—two in number—are very broad, and rest on a rubber-like cushion, which not only keeps the foot from slipping, but protects it from the hot sand.

"A camel carrying a heavy load, travels only two-and-a-half miles an hour; but he keeps up this pace for a number of days, with very little to eat or to drink.

"Some of the smaller camels carry a man a hundred miles a day. It is said to be very hard to ride a camel, his trot is so uneven."

"Papa," said Archie, "do camels travel all day and all night without anything to eat?"

"O, no! but they can make long journeys with less food than other animals need. They rest at night, beside their keepers, and are content with a few beans or dates."

"If they stop in an oasis," said Archie, "they can get fresh grass."

"Yes, but they often travel for days without seeing anything green."

XVI.—The Camel.

PART II.

"Papa," said Kate, "camels do not all look alike. Some have two humps, others have but one."

"That is true," replied Mr. Blanford. "A camel having but one hump is called a dromedary."

"I must not forget to tell you something very curious—the backbone of a camel is not crooked, as you would think. It is as straight as that of any other animal."

"But, papa," said Archie, "how can that be, when camels have those great humps on their backs?"

"The hump is what enables the animal to cross the desert with so little food; it is made of fat, which goes to nourish the camel when there is nothing to eat."

"Do you mean that the humps become smaller," asked Fred, "the longer the camels are on a journey?"

"Yes; and after a very long tramp the camels have to rest three or four months, that their humps may grow again. Their owner would not think of starting them on another long journey during these months."



"I was reading the other day," said Fred, "that they have dreadful storms in the desert, when the wind takes the sand and whirls it into great columns. I should pity the poor camels then!"

"These desert storms are terrible for a caravan to meet,—that is what a number of men and camels are called—a caravan."

"Tell us about a storm," said Archie.
"How do the camels act when the sand

is blowing so fearfully around them? I should think they would all be smothered."

"The men throw themselves on the ground and cover their faces; the camels kneel down and close their nostrils.

"A camel's nose is so made that he can close his nostrils at will. He has also very long eyelashes which keep the sand from his eyes.

"One more thing shows how well fitted the camel is for desert life. His stomach is divided, like that of the cow, into four parts; and he has the power of taking five or six quarts of water into one of these parts, and keeping it there until he needs it."

"It must look strange," said Archie, "to see a camel kneel down; I never saw an animal kneel."

"A large camel can carry eight hundred or a thousand pounds weight. When the animal is to be loaded, his master makes him kneel, in order to mount him easily."

"It must be hard for the camel to kneel. Do you suppose it hurts him?" asked Kate.

"No, for on the joints of his legs and on that part of his chest which touches the hot sand, there are pads or cushions, like those on his feet."

"I think it is all very wonderful," said Kate, with a thoughtful look in her eyes. "I am sure camels were made to be useful to people who live near deserts."

"There are still other reasons why the camel is so much prized by the people of the East," added Mr. Blanford. "Its milk is very rich; and its hair is woven into soft beautiful cloth, and is also used for making fine paint-brushes."

XVII.—Archie's Sixth Letter.

Dear Kate:

What do you think I saw when I went to get your last letter? A little squirrel was just popping his head out of our Post-Office box in the old maple tree. Of course he ran when he saw me. Did you write on a torn bit of paper? If you did not, then the little rogue bit the letter. Perhaps he wanted to use it in building a nest. Would it not be nice if we could tame him? Shall we try?

The rule for to-day is:—"All words referring to places should begin with capitals," as, "Every American boy and girl should learn to write a good letter." "American" refers to America, so it should begin with a capital. Mamma says, "Tell Kate to write a word referring to a place, in her next letter."

Archie.



XVIII.—The Rhinoceros.

joints	drowned	pro voked'
pierce	Af ri can	de scrib'ing
stu pid	shoul der	move ments
jun gles	at tacked'	rhi noc'e ros
tan gled	tor ments	in tel'li gent

"Kate," said Archie, one day, when the children had seated themselves in the study, "there was one animal at the show that we have not talked about. He was the queerest creature there; but I have forgotten his name. He had a thick, gray skin, somewhat like that of the elephant."

"I know what animal you mean," said Fred.

"Let Archie go on describing this queer creature," said Mr. Blanford. "What he does not remember, perhaps one of you can add. Was he an intelligent-looking animal?"

"No, indeed," said Archie, "he had a very stupid look. His ears were quite long, his eyes were small and dim, and he had a big horn on his long nose. That is all I remember."

"He was lying down at first," said Fred; "but when the keeper came along, some one said, 'Will you please make this creature get up? I want to see his feet.' And then the big, clumsy rhinoceros—that was his name—was forced to rise."

"At one end of his cage was a tank, partly filled with water," added Kate. "He stepped into the water soon after the keeper roused him, but not until I had a chance to see his feet. They ended in three toes, each of which was covered with a hoof. His limbs were thick and heavy. I suppose that is why he moves so slowly."

"The rhinoceros needs to have heavy limbs," said Mr. Blanford, "or he could not tread down the thick grass and tangled brush of the jungles in which he lives."

"The rhinoceros can run rapidly when he needs to do so; but usually his movements are very slow. The one you saw must have come from Asia. The African rhinoceros has two horns. Do you remember anything else to tell me?"

"There was one thing that was very strange," answered Kate. "The thick, gray skin of the rhinoceros was laid in large folds, —at least, there were two great folds near his shoulder, another at the top of each leg, and one over the back near his hind legs."

"There were several folds on his neck," said Fred, "but they did not look so odd as those on his back. I never saw any other animal with such folds of skin."

"The skin of the rhinoceros is so very thick and hard," said Mr. Blanford, "that he could not move easily were it not for these folds. They are like joints."

"How strange!" said Fred. "I could not imagine what they were for. I should think it would be very difficult for hunters to kill so thick-skinned an animal."

"It is difficult," answered Mr. Blanford; "and even the claws of the lion or tiger cannot pierce his skin. It is said that the fierce tiger has no more terrible foe than the rhinoceros."

"I suppose," said Archie, "when a tiger has a fight with a rhinoceros, he looks out for that big horn. I know I should if I were a tiger!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Blanford, "the horn of the rhinoceros is his chief weapon. Sometimes it is three feet long. It would soon tear to pieces the lion or any other animal."

"Is the rhinoceros a very cruel animal?" asked Kate. "He looks too lazy to do much harm. Besides, we saw his keeper give him hay and leaves to eat. I thought creatures that lived on such things were never very cruel."

"Usually the rhinoceros is harmless," answered Mr. Blanford, "and he uses his great horn only to root up small trees and bushes, in order to get the leaves and fruit to eat. But he is easily provoked; and then he becomes very dangerous to man or beast. When he attacks another animal, it is not for the sake of its flesh."

"So I thought," said Fred. "The one we saw, ate leaves as if he liked them. I did not dislike him so much, then, for I knew he could not be a flesh-eating animal. I noticed his upper lip. It was so long that he could pick up a very small leaf."

"Does the rhinoceros live part of the time in the water?" asked Kate.

"No, but he is a fine swimmer, and prefers to live on the banks of lakes or rivers. He often wades in and covers himself with mud to keep off the troublesome insects.

"Sometimes they sting him under the folds where the skin is tender. The only way he can get rid of them, is to stand in the water or mud till they are drowned."

"Poor thing!" said Kate, "I am glad there is some way to get rid of such torments!"

"Poor thing!" repeated Archie; "I don't pity a great, ugly creature that would kill anything in his way if he were attacked. I can't see what good he does in the world."

"His flesh is much liked for food in some countries," said Mr. Blanford, "and his thick skin is used for making shields and whiplashes. His horn serves many purposes, though it is not so valuable as the tusks of the elephant."

"It is pleasant to think," said Kate, "that even the ugly animals are of some use in the world. When I saw how the tigers and the wolves at the show seemed to love their keepers, I could not help wondering whether all wild animals might not be trained to be gentle, if men were always kind to them."

XIX.—Archie's Seventh Letter.

Dear Kate:

I almost knew you would say you wrote your letter on paper that was not torn. Of course, then, the squirrel bit it. What do you say to taking a few nuts whenever you go to post a letter? I will take a little corn. I think we should soon make him glad to see us.

The other day I saw two large boys throwing stones at a squirrel. I do not see how boys can be so cruel! Do you?

Mamma gave me a rule and a verse to write to-day. Rule:—"Every line in poetry should begin with a capital."

*"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us—
He made and loveth all."*

Mamma told me to ask you to write a verse of poetry in your next letter, no matter what it is,—a verse from a song, or even a few lines from Mother Goose.

Good-by!

Archie.

P S.—When you write about the squirrel, be sure to tell me just how he looks. There may be two squirrels, you know.

A——.

XX.—The Elephant.

PART I.

huge	i vo ry	sledg es	bag gage
India	weighs	clum sy	in sist'ed
kneel	nos tril	spurt ed	o ver seer'
plague	wedged	sup plies'	use ful ness

"Papa," said Kate, "it is very interesting to learn why animals are useful only in those countries in which they are found. The elephant is so clumsy a creature, I do not see how he can be of any use. He has no fur, even."

"I do not wonder, Kate, that you doubt the usefulness of so huge a creature. The elephant is the largest animal that lives on land. It measures sometimes twelve feet from the ground to the shoulder. It weighs as much as ten or twelve common horses."

"It must be expensive to keep elephants," said Fred. "I heard the keepers say that the largest one in the show eats nearly two hundred pounds of hay and carrots each day."

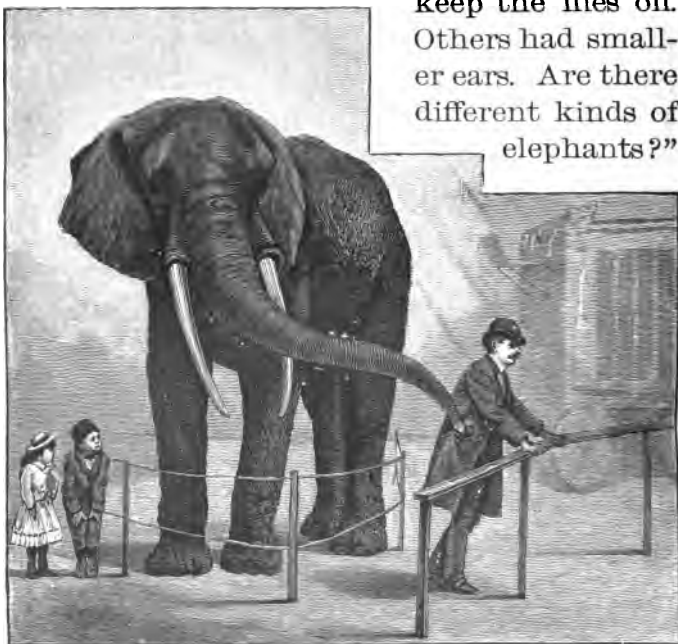
"In India," replied Mr. Blanford, "it takes the time of two men to cut leaves for the food of an elephant that is used in working."

"I supposed," said Fred, "that elephants could not be used in any such way as we use horses."

"Those found in Africa are not trained to work. They run wild, and are hunted only for their skin and tusks, and for their flesh, which is used as food."

"Papa," said Archie, "some of the elephants at the menagerie had very large ears, which they kept moving like big fans, as if to keep the flies off.

Others had smaller ears. Are there different kinds of elephants?"



"You may always know from what part of the world an elephant comes, by the size of his ears. If they are very large, you may be sure he came from Africa; if they are small, he came from India. The tusks, also, of the African elephant are larger."

"Elephants must be quite knowing," said Archie; "a man that stood near me took an apple from his pocket and gave it to the big elephant. He took it with his trunk and put it into his mouth. After he had eaten it, he looked round for more; and, when the man did not see him, the elephant put his trunk into the man's pocket and took another apple."

"It was easy to see then," said Kate, "where the mouth of an elephant is. It is just under his long trunk. He had to bend his trunk to put the apple into his mouth."

"It is very curious to watch an elephant's trunk," added Fred; "it is so odd, like a very long nose."

"Yes, that is just what it is," said Mr. Blanford. "The nostrils are like two long tubes, running the whole length of this nose or trunk."

"How very strange!" said Archie. "Why does it need to be so long?"

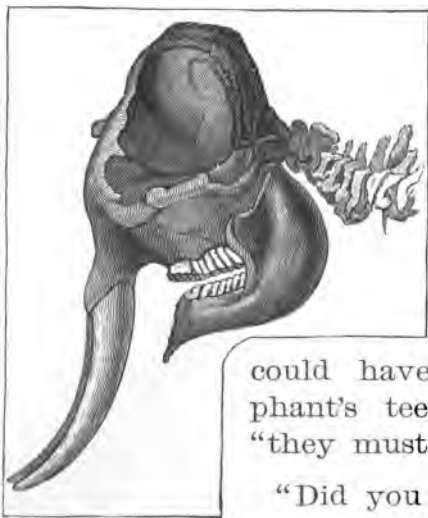
"I think I know," said Fred. "An elephant's neck is so short, he could not reach his food if he had no long trunk; and he could not drink, either."

"You are right," replied Mr. Blanford. "The big tusks, also, would hinder him in eating. The trunk of an elephant supplies

his needs in a wonderful manner. On the end of it is something like a finger, so that he can pluck a blade of grass, or pick up even a pin from the ground."

"How queer it was," said Archie, "to see the elephant drink! First he sucked up the water into his trunk, and then he spurted it into his mouth. I heard it rushing in."

"It was still more strange," said Kate, "to see him throwing the water over his back. Why do you think he did so, papa?"



AN ELEPHANT'S SKULL.

"He does this to cool himself. Sometimes elephants throw the water over naughty little boys who plague them."

"I wish I could have seen the elephant's teeth," said Fred; "they must be very large."

"Did you not see two of his teeth?" asked Mr. Blanford. "Kate surely did, for she spoke just now of his large tusks."

"Papa!" exclaimed the three children. "You do not mean that tusks are teeth?"

"Certainly I do," answered Mr. Blanford. "The elephant has very large back teeth on both jaws; but he has no lower front teeth, and, when he is fully grown, no upper front ones, except his large tusks. Young elephants have upper front teeth; but these fall out in a year or two, and the large tusks take their place.

"A great many beautiful things are made from the ivory tusks. A large pair of tusks is worth about two hundred dollars."

"Then I suppose hunters in Africa must be very glad to catch an elephant," said Fred. "What do they do with his skin?"

"Underneath the hard, leather-like hide is a tough skin; this is carefully removed, and made into vessels for carrying water. You could not guess what the big ears are sometimes used for; so I must tell you that in the southern part of Africa, the natives use them for sledges."

"O papa!" exclaimed the children laughing. "Is that really so?"

"Certainly; an elephant's ear is often over five feet long and four feet wide; and, when dried, it makes a strong sleigh for carrying people over the snow."

XXI.—The Elephant.

PART II.

"Papa," said Kate, "I was very much surprised to see the elephants run the other day, when the band played lively music. They are so big and clumsy, one would think they could not run at all. But they ran quite fast, and did not seem to mind it."

"O, yes," replied Mr. Blanford; "elephants can run as easily and almost as fast as horses, and are much more sure-footed in going up and down mountains. This is why they are so useful in India; they can travel with perfect safety where horses could not stand."

"How can those big creatures get over mountains?" asked Kate. "I should think the people on their backs would be dreadfully frightened."

"When the elephant, in descending, comes to a very steep place, he throws his hind legs back, and his fore legs he flings forward. This brings his chest on the ground; and he crawls down, his fore feet making big holes in the dirt, into which he drags his hind feet to keep himself from slipping."

"I read the other day," said Fred, "that they used to make elephants go to war,

and carry heaps of baggage over the mountains. I did not before see how the great creatures could do it. Now I understand."

"The elephants of India are trained to do other kinds of work. They are so gentle and intelligent that they are easily taught to pile wood and to build walls. They wind their trunks around big stones, which they lay, one at a time, on a wall, until it is finished.

"I once read a story of a very knowing elephant. His work was to build a wall, which he did under the care of an overseer.

"When he had laid one row of stones, he made a signal to the overseer, who came and looked at his work, to see that it was well done.

"If the overseer found that it was all right, he spoke kindly to the elephant and told him to go on and lay another row.

"One day, the elephant backed up against the wall, and would not stir for a long time, although he was coaxed and scolded. But after awhile, finding that the overseer insisted on seeing the work, he moved aside—he had been trying to hide a bad place in the wall.

"The elephant saw that he had been found out; so, without another word from •

the overseer, he went to work and pulled down the last row of stones and built them up again."

"The cunning creature!" said Kate, "who would have thought an elephant could be so sly as that! Do you know another story, papa?"

"Yes; I have heard of an elephant who used to keep the flies off the baby when asleep, by moving his trunk over it like a fan; and, if the baby woke, he would rock its cradle and get it to sleep again."

"What a queer nurse!" said Fred. "I had no idea that elephants were so useful. Can you tell us something else?"

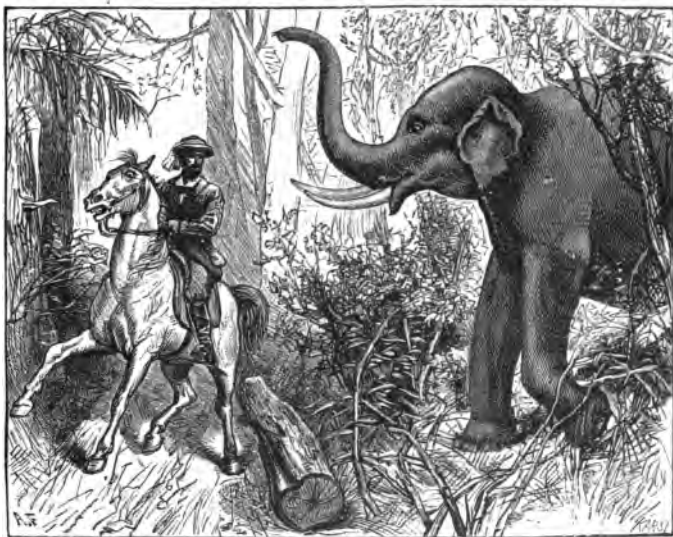
"One more story, and that is all I can tell you at present, as I am going away tomorrow, to stay several weeks.

"A traveler, riding on horseback through the woods of Asia, heard a strange noise. His horse was much frightened, but the man pressed on until he came to a large elephant that was carrying a heavy log on his tusks. This is another thing elephants are trained to do—carry timber.

"The path was narrow, and the log was so long that the elephant had to turn his head to one side and carry the log endwise.

"It was hard work; and the elephant showed that he thought so, by his queer grunt, sounding like 'Umph, umph!'

"On seeing the man, the elephant dropped the log and forced himself backwards into the brushwood, so as to leave a clear passage.



"The horse was afraid to go by; so the elephant wedged himself still farther into the woods, and again said, 'Umph, umph!'—but this time in a kind voice, as if he wanted to say to the horse, 'Go on. Don't be afraid; I will not hurt you!'

"After awhile the horse passed by; and then the elephant took up the log again, and went on saying, 'Umph, umph!'"

"Thank you, papa," said Kate, "for telling us these nice stories. Some time, I hope we shall go to another menagerie! I should be more interested than ever in watching the animals."

"So should I!" "And I!" shouted Archie and Fred.

XXII.—Archie's Eighth Letter.

Dear Kate:

The squirrel is getting quite friendly with me. The second time I saw him he was just over my head; and how he did chatter! Perhaps he was trying to say, "Little boy, I have the first right here, for my nest is not far off."

I threw two or three kernels of corn on the ground quite near him. He picked them up. Then he ran up the trunk of the tree, so near me that I felt his little bushy tail brush my neck. Soon,—what do you think?—he ran down the tree again and jumped on my shoulder before he sprang to the ground. He was asking for more corn, I think. Mamma called me then.

The rule for to-day is:—"When you repeat what another says, begin with a capital letter." This is what made me begin, "Little boy" (or what the squirrel said) with a capital letter. Write soon, and tell me whether you saw the squirrel.

Archie.

XXIII.—Run, Little Rivulet, Run!

hymn	riv u let	wa ter fall
fair ly	hare bell	mount ain
a drift'	del i cate	moon beam

Run, little rivulet, run!
 Summer is fairly begun;
 Bear to the meadow the hymn of the pines,
 And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines,—
 Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
 Sing of the flowers, every one:
 Of the delicate harebell, and violet blue,
 Of the red mountain rosebud all dripping with dew,—
 Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
 Carry the perfume you won
 From the lily, that woke when the morning was gray,
 To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on the bay,—
 Run, little rivulet, run!

Run, little rivulet, run!
 Stay not till summer is done.
 Carry to city the mountain-bird's glee,
 Carry the joy of the hills to the sea,—
 Run, little rivulet, run!

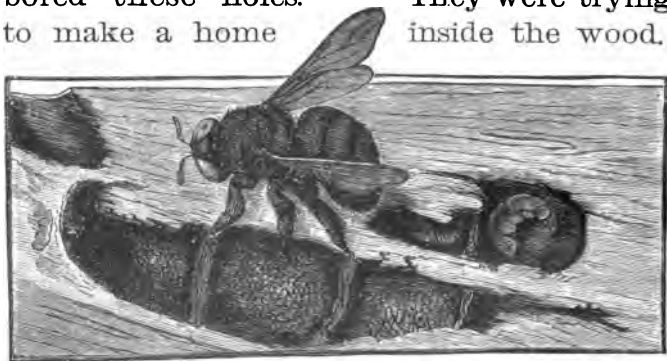


XXIV.—The Boring Bee.

fought	peb bles	car pen try
feel ers	an ten'næ	won der ful
rail ing	treat ment	dis cour'aged

Stepping out on the porch one morning, I found little heaps of sawdust under the railing which runs around it. There were several small holes in the railing, which looked as if some little boy had taken his papa's gimlet, and tried his skill at carpentry.

I went nearer, and heard a loud buzzing sound. Soon a big bee flew out, and then another. I had the secret: the bees had bored these holes. They were trying to make a home inside the wood.



The holes were only the entrances to this queer home; and, if I had not discovered the bees, they would have bored many tiny chambers in which to lay their eggs.

I was very sorry to disturb all these busy little workers; but, if I had allowed

them to stay, they would probably have brought more of their bee friends, and have wanted the house, also, to live in.

So I was forced to show them that they were not welcome; and I made little balls of clay, and with them stopped up the holes. This, of course, made the bees very angry.

They pulled out the clay, and I next filled the holes with small pebbles. This discouraged them so much that, after talking the matter over together in bee fashion, they flew away, never to return to a place in which they had been so unkindly treated.

Do you wonder when I say the bees talked over my unkind treatment of them? Of course, they cannot talk as we do. But I am sure all creatures have some way of telling one another their troubles.

It is said that common bees talk by means of their feelers—those delicate little things on their head, called *antennæ* by learned people. So I suppose the wild boring bee talks in the same way.

We have only to look carefully about us to see all sorts of curious things. Nearly every leaf and twig is the home of some little creature; and everything in nature is worth stopping to look at, and to learn from, as a part of God's wonderful world.

XXV.—The Fairies.

PART I.

thumb	crook ed	drag on-fly
bee tles	car riage	mes sen ger
pa tient	pitch ers	col um bine
stitch es	head ache	hand ker chief

Daisy was learning to sew. She sat in her own little chair not far from her mother, and so near the low window that she could look right into the bird's nest in the maple-tree close by the house.

She was trying to hem a handkerchief for herself; but she was not trying very hard, for, after taking a few crooked stitches that looked as if they were running away from the hem as fast as they could, she dropped her work on her lap.

Resting one little arm on the window seat, she began to watch the birds, Tom and Tilly, at work upon their nest. They were lining it with the fluffy little feathers which the old white hen had dropped in the yard below.

"Tilly does not have any handkerchiefs," said Daisy to herself, "she has no pocket for them under her feathers. She might tuck one under her wing, but it would drop out as soon as she began to fly, and she would lose handkerchiefs oftener than I do."

Then Daisy's thoughts came back to her work lying in her lap, and she took a few more stitches; but they seemed to grow more and more crooked, and at last she laid the work down, saying, "Oh, dear! I wish the fairies would hem my handkerchief for me!"

"Let us see whether we can find some fairies that will do it for my little girl," said her mother, smiling.

"Oh, mamma, how can you? There are no real fairies; but, if there were any, how do you suppose they would look? How large would they be? Tell me a story about the fairies, mamma, will you please?" And Daisy drew up her little chair close in front of her mother, with her eyes wide open.

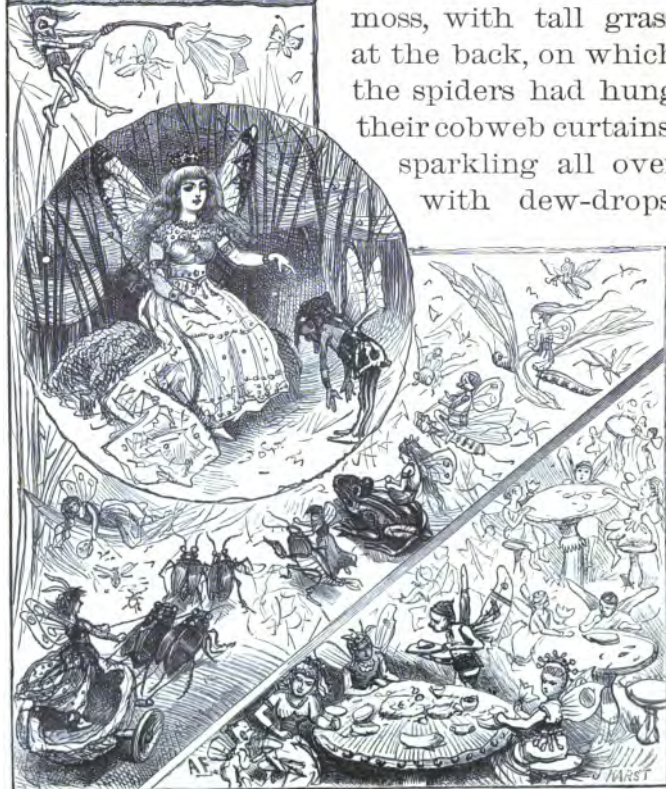
"The fairies in my story," said her mother, "are so small that if you hold out the palm of your hand with the thumb lying on it, as many as three little fairies could play that the thumb was their sofa, and rest their feet on the soft pink cushions below. How still you would hold your hand so as not to shake them off!"

"Would n't I?" said Daisy,— "so still that they could dance all about and have it for their little room! But do tell me more about the dear little fairies, mamma."



"It was a beautiful moonlight night in summer," began her mother, "and almost time for the fairies to meet their queen at the foot of the old oak tree in the forest.

"Her throne was a seat of soft green moss, with tall grass at the back, on which the spiders had hung their cobweb curtains, sparkling all over with dew-drops.



"The fairies were coming as fast as they could—some in carriages of walnut-shells, with beetles for horses, some hoppity-hop on the backs of toads, and those who liked faster horses, flew through the air on beautiful big dragon-flies.

"Very soon came the queen of the fairies, in a pea-pod carriage, lined with the silky down of the milkweed, drawn by four silver moths, and in front, a band of fire-flies to light her way through the shady places in the forest.

"She took her seat on her throne, and sent a messenger to call the fairies together. He climbed to the top of a blue-bell stem and swung back and forth till, far and near, they all heard the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the fairy bells, and took their seats on the green moss at the feet of their queen.

"Then she asked them to tell her what kind things they had done since they met the night before.

"Said one, 'I watched by a little sick girl as she tossed about on her bed. I fanned her with my gauzy wings and whispered in her ear a story of my home in the woods, till she dreamed a happy dream of the fairies, and smiled in her sleep.'

"Another said, 'I met a little boy crying by the roadside. He had a sharp stone in his shoe, and the string was in a tight knot. He tried very hard to untie it, but could not do so; and at every step the stone hurt his foot. I put my fingers in where his were too large to go, and loosened the knot, so that, when he tried again, it untied; then I brushed the tears from his eyes.'

"And,' said another, 'I stood by the dear old grandmother at her knitting, and polished her glasses with the down on my silver coat; and, when she dropped a stitch, I caught it, and helped her needle through.'

"Another said, 'I flew into a pleasant school-room, where ever so many little children were as busy as bees; and I helped all that were trying to do their best.

"Sometimes, when a sum did not come right, I whispered, 'Be very patient and try once more;' and I waited till I saw the sum finished, and heard the child say, 'I am glad I did not give it up!'

"When they left their work and played their merry games, I stood with them in the ring; and, to those who were forgetting, I whispered, 'Be gentle, be good to one another, and make all as happy as you can;' and then their faces grew sweet and sunny.

XXVI.—The Fairies.

PART II.

“So the fairies, one by one, told of the good work that they had done to help the sick and the poor, and all that were trying to do their best.

“Their queen looked very happy as she told them how glad she was that they had been able to help so many.

“Then she came down from her throne, and they all sat round the toad-stool tables, where the bees had been getting their supper ready, and very hungry little fairies they were, after all the work they had done.

“There were rose-leaf plates for every one, and moss-cups filled with the dew. There were nuts which the squirrels had cracked for them, and honey that the bees had brought, and the juice of the purple grapes which was held in a buttercup bowl.

“They had goblets from the red clover blossoms, and pitchers of scarlet columbine, filled with the honey that fairies delight in, and a great many other good things.

“After that they played their fairy games, hiding in flowers, swinging in cobweb hammocks, and dancing all over the grass.

“When they heard the blue-bells ringing again, they knew that it was time to bid

one another good-by and go home, so away they all scattered on beetles, and moths, and dragon-flies."

Daisy drew a long breath and said, "Oh, is that all? Thank you, mamma; how I do wish there really were fairies. Would they not be dear little things to play with?"

"Yes," answered her mother, "it is very pleasant to make believe that there are these tiny people who live with the birds and butterflies, and yet can talk, and work, and play as we do. But what would you think, my Daisy, if I should tell you that you have ten real fairies with you all the time, who do whatever you tell them to do; and you are their fairy queen?"

"What do you mean, mamma; where are they? I never saw them in my life," and Daisy looked up as if she expected to see them flying about in the air.

"Oh, they are nearer to you than that," said her mother, taking one little fat hand in hers and gently pinching the tiniest finger of all. "Where can you find a better fairy than this? Look at its velvety dress of pink and white, and feel its delicate bones and joints."

"My fingers, mamma, my own ten little fingers! How funny to call them fairies!"

"They can do as wonderful work as any that the other fairies did," said her mother. "Send them out every morning with clean, fresh faces, to do whatever helpful and pleasant things they can find to do, and, at night, ask them what they have been busy about all day. Try it, my little daughter, and see what the fairies will do for their fairy queen."

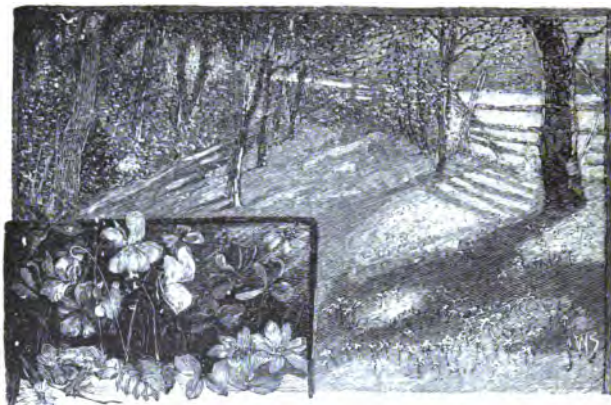
Daisy looked up with a happy smile, and took up her handkerchief that had fallen upon the floor.

"Fairies," she said, "come here, I have some work for you to do. These crooked stitches must be all picked out, and then, you tall and strong little fairy, put on your silver hat and push my needle in very straight, and be careful not to hurt your little sisters."

So Daisy worked and chatted with her fairy helpers, until her mother lay down upon the lounge, hoping that a nap would cure her headache.

In a few minutes, Daisy's mother felt a soft touch on her cheek, and heard a little voice whisper, "I have sent my fairies to bathe your head and smooth away the pain. Do you think they can do it, mamma?"

"No one can do it so well, my fairy queen."



XXVII—The Violets and the Sunbeams.

glade

·kissed

gal lant

turned

blush ing

vi o lets

Did you know the violets
 Were weeping in the shade,
 When the bright-eyed morning
 Came blushing down the glade?
 O, the pretty violets,
 Bowed with dewy showers,
 And sweet as if a bird's song
 Had been turned to flowers!

Did you know the sunbeams
 Came creeping, creeping near,
 And, when they saw the darlings,
 Whispered: "We are here?"
 O, the gallant sunbeams!—
 How very kind were they,—
 Stole on tiptoe, softly,
 And kissed their tears away!

XXVIII.--Charlie's Dream.

sea	shoals	be neath	plung ing
sieve	waft ed	gur gling	shrink ing
shells	par rots	trick ling	whale bone
seized	float ing	monk eys	chat ter ing

Charlie fell asleep, and had a strange dream. He thought he was a drop of water, and that he was lying in the dark and cold at the bottom of the sea. All around lay, O, so many thousands of tiny shells!

By and by, other drops glided beneath, and pushed him upward. After awhile he had light enough to see shoals of little fishes darting to and fro. Now and then a large fish dashed in among the shoal, and seized and swallowed, first one little fish, then another.

Charlie rose slowly upward, and at last he lay afloat on the top. What joy to dance on the waves—to bask in the sunshine—to watch the wild sea-birds!

Once, a gull, plunging after a fish, brushed him roughly aside. Then a passing ship tossed him in spray; and a great whale coming up to the top, drew him through its whalebone sieve.

As the sun rose higher, he began to feel very warm. There came a puff of wind, and he was wafted out of the sea into the air.

It seemed very strange to be swelling out, and mounting so high into the sky. Below him on every side lay water sparkling in the sun; nothing but water, water everywhere!

As he rose higher and higher, he grew colder and colder. At last he was so numb and cold that he could hardly feel at all; but he knew that he was shrinking up, and that it was growing dark all around him.

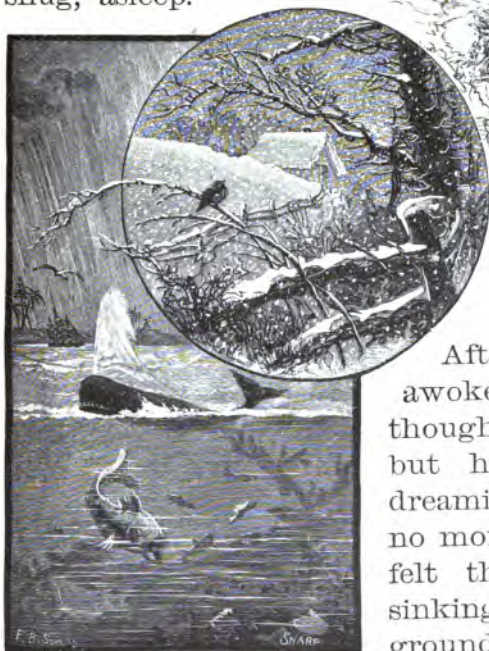
Then he saw a great flash of light, and heard a loud, sharp crack. After this came a rushing and hissing noise, and he was aware that he was tumbling quickly down from the sky, together with many other drops of rain; he saw that he was falling on a forest of palms and other great trees. Patter, patter on the broad leaves fell the shining drops.

Some of them found their way downward from leaf to leaf, from bough to bough, past gay birds, screaming parrots, and chattering monkeys, until they reached the ground. Others hung in the hollow leaves.

The storm was now over. Out came the sun. The drops on the leaves were dried up again, and Charlie was once more rising into the upper air, and floating along as before, now over land, and now over sea.

Again he became very cold, and saw that it was growing darker and darker. Then he knew that he was slowly and gently falling down.

All was now very still. When it grew lighter, he saw fluffy flakes of snow softly gliding down with him to the ground. Everything below was white. In that downy bed he lay snug, asleep.



After a time he awoke,—that is, he thought he awoke, but he was still dreaming. He saw no more snow, but felt that he was sinking into the ground.

"Dear me! how dark it is!" thought he. "How glad I am not to be left alone, but to have other drops with me!"

On he glided among tiny grass roots, through black soil, at times trickling over and under great tree roots. Now he was rubbing against fine sharp sand, then flowing over round stones. At last he sank between the rocks, and there came a sudden darkness and a great shock. He knew that he was falling, O, so fast! and then he felt no more.

When he came to himself again, he was lying quite still in a deep, dark well. Then he heard a gurgling noise, and felt a sharp pull, as if some one had seized him and were dragging him quickly upward.

Up he was drawn, till at length he heard his sister Mary's merry laugh. Tumbling out of an iron spout, he saw her cheery face as she worked the pump-handle.

"Little she knows," thought he, "that she has just pumped up her darling brother! But, O, dear! I hope she will not pour me into the kettle and boil me!"

So thinking, Charlie awoke. How glad he was to see his dear sister bending over his pillow, and telling him it was time to get up!

XXIX.—Nutting.

thrash re treat' state ly un cer'tain
boughs ad vance' hol i day hand som est

Come Robert and Harry, come Lily and May!
October is here and our glad holiday.
With every breath of the keen frosty breeze,
Brown chestnuts are dropping from all the high trees.

Come here with your bags and your big baskets, quick!
And Harry's new jack-knife shall cut a long stick.
Then Robert shall climb the old chestnut tree tall,
And thrash the big boughs till the ripe chestnuts fall,—

So shiny and smooth, and so plump and so brown,
The handsomest chestnuts that ever fell down;
Though stately and proud, the old nut tree has stood,
A hundred long years—the King of the Wood.

You dear little squirrel, you look very wise,
With long bushy tail and bright shiny black eyes
Pray, sir, do you fancy you own this great tree?
It's quite a mistake, sir, between you and me.

How cunning you look with your shy, sidelong glance,
Uncertain if best to retreat or advance!
A nut in your paws, and a nut in each cheek,
Your thick bushy tail, and your back smooth and sleek!

We don't mean to rob you, dear, not in the least;
But we, too, love chestnuts and long for a feast.
We know you must gather your snug winter store,
But after we go, you will find plenty more.

XXX.—Archie's Ninth Letter.

Dear Kate:

We have not finished our rules after all. Mother says we must write something in each letter about stops in writing, or punctuation..

"What is the use of punctuation?" I said to mother. She did not answer me; but she took my slate and wrote me a note of twelve lines without any stops; and, really, I could not understand it at all. I had to ask mother to put some stops in it; and then I learned that she is going to New York next week, and will take me with her.

I wish you were going, too. I shall write to you very often, and you must write to me and tell me what the little squirrel is doing. What shall I bring you for a present? You may name a number of things that you would like, and I will see how my money lasts. Of course, I must bring something for Fred, too. Which do you think he would like,—a book or a pair of skates? Mother says that his old skates are good enough for this winter; but I heard him wish that he had a new pair.

This is the rule for to-day:—"Every question should be followed by a question-mark;" as, "Was not George Washington always faithful as a scholar?"

Good-by,

Archie.



XXXI.—Dreaming and Doing.

suit	ear ly	a shamed'
of fer	ly ing	ac cept'ed
earned	rag ged	stretch ing
clothes	health y	straw ber ries

"I wish I did not have to wear ragged clothes, and go without shoes!" thought Walter Burns, as he lay on the dry turf, one bright summer afternoon, with the string of his hat in his mouth. "If I had a thousand dollars, I know what I should do: I should buy my mother a new dress, and I would not let her work so hard."

As Walter lay dreaming of what he would do if he only had a thousand dollars, he saw a little bird fly to her nest and give

food to her four little ones who were stretching their bills wide open, and all as hungry as they could be.

"Now, ought I not to be ashamed of myself?" said he. "Here is this little bird; she does not sit dreaming, and wishing she had some food to give to her children. No; she goes and gets it.

"Here am I, a large, healthy boy, able to work, and able to help my mother; but I have been lying the better part of this fine day on the ground, dreaming dreams, and watching the clouds, or looking up at the trees, as if I hoped food and money would drop from them.

"For shame, Master Walter! If you cannot do any thing better, go and pick strawberries at a quarter of a dollar a day. You can do that,—can't you? The strawberries in Mr. Peck's garden are spoiling for want of somebody to pick them."

Walter ran off to Mr. Peck, and asked him whether he wanted a boy to help him to pick strawberries. "Yes," said Mr. Peck; "go to work, and I'll give you two cents for every box you fill."

Walter went to work; and, before sun-down, he had filled ten boxes, for which Mr. Peck paid him twenty cents. In four

days the little boy had earned a dollar. How proud he was to hand it to his mother!

Walter had not been at work a week, before a farmer, named Carr, who lived near by, and who had seen him in the field working early and late, came to him and said, "How much do you earn a day, at this, my lad?" "About thirty cents," said Walter.

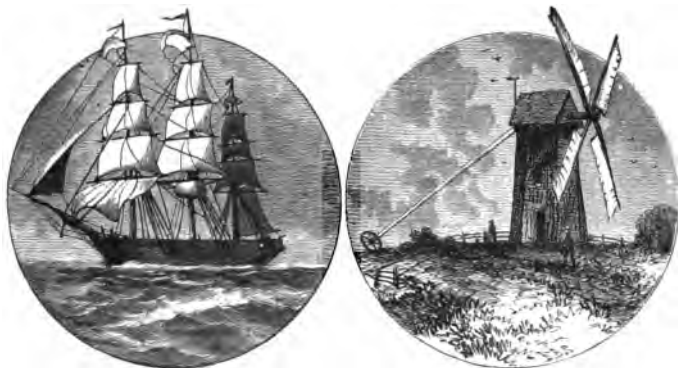
"Come and help me, and I will give you half a dollar a day," said Mr. Carr.

"No, you shall not," said Mr. Peck, who had heard it all. "Do you think it is right, Mr. Carr, to try to get my best helper away from me? Stay and work in my garden, Walter, and you shall have sixty cents a day."

Walter had no wish to leave Mr. Peck; so he accepted his offer.

"This is better than lying in the sun," thought Walter, as he took his three dollars and sixty cents home to his mother, every Saturday night. Soon, she was able to buy a new dress for herself, and to hire a little girl to help her to do the house-work.

"Doing is better than dreaming, mother, is it not?" said Walter, as he saw his mother in her nice new dress. "Yes, my boy," said Mrs. Burns, "let people see that you are willing to work, and you will always find plenty to do."



XXXII.—A Talk about the Wind.

wreck	caus es	drought	moan ing
pil lar	fa cing	twirl ing	chim neys
ceas es	breathe	whirl ing	south ward

"I have read somewhere," said Charlie to his father, one day, "of a great cave in which all the winds are locked up. When the keeper of the cave opens one door, a north wind rushes out. An opposite door lets out a south wind. Another door lets out an east wind. Facing that, is a door for the west wind. Besides these four doors, there are others for other winds.

"Sometimes, the keeper opens three or four doors at once. Then the winds rush out with great force, knock over chimneys, wreck ships, fell trees, and do a great deal of harm. I enjoyed reading about that den of winds; but is it true?"

"It is a pretty story," said his father, "but I did not think any one would ever believe it to be true. Now, suppose you and I stand some yards apart, and then run to meet each other. As we pass, let each catch the other's right arm. Very good! now each is twirling the other round. That is what happens when two winds meet. Each takes the other by the arm, as it were, and both go whirling round and round, as you and I do.

"There! look down the road. Two tiny gusts of air have met, and have caught up the dust between them; now they are whirling it round on the ground.

"I have seen the water of the sea twisted round just like that, and other water reaching down from the clouds to meet it. The pillar of water thus formed is borne along on the sea like a great tree. It is called a water-spout. Sometimes it breaks on a ship, and fills it with water.

"Sometimes, on sandy plains, pillars of sand are thus borne along, and bury all the men and beasts they meet."

"Yet you can not see the wind," said Charlie. "You can only feel it when it fans your cheek or lifts your hair."

"That is true," said his father; "yet it has power to do great good or great harm. The soft air that fans your cheek is not so weak

as it seems to be. You know, my son, that wind is only air in motion."

"Then air is a useful friend," said Charlie, "for wind works our mill. Wind drives great ships over the sea. When clothes are hung out to dry, wind dries them quickly. When roads are muddy after rain, wind soon dries them.

"But why does air move? When I hear it howling and moaning at night, I think that the wind must be very unhappy. Why does it not stay at rest?"

"Rest, my boy, always reminds me of rust," replied his father. "Work will keep us right, when rest would make us good for nothing. So it is with air; it must move on and do its work.

"Do you wish to know what makes wind move? You may learn from what you already know. Even when there is no wind, you may hear a moaning through the keyhole in the evening, as you sit by the warm fireside.

"If you open the door, the sound ceases. Or, if you let the fire go out, and the room becomes cold, you no longer hear a moaning through the keyhole. Now, do you see why?"

"I should say," replied Charlie, "that the outside air wants to warm itself at the fire.

But when the fire goes out, of course the air does not care to come in."

"You are a droll boy!" said his father. Which is warmer, the air in a room with a fire, or the air outside?"

"The air in the room, of course," replied Charlie. "Ah, now I see what you mean; the colder air rushes in to the warmer. But why does it?"

"When air is warmed, it expands, becomes lighter, and is forced upward by the colder and heavier air around it.

"A few weeks ago, I bought you a red balloon. Do you remember that, when you held it near the fire, it swelled out, and became larger and tighter, until it burst?"

"When the sun shines, it warms the ground. The air near the ground then becomes warmer and lighter, and is pushed upward by colder and heavier air flowing in from cooler regions. You know that after sunset, when it becomes dark, it also becomes colder.

"Just as the air is always coming through the keyhole into a room warmed by fire, so a breeze, coming from cooler regions, is always moving to places where the air is warmed. Change from heat to cold, then, makes air move—that is, causes wind.

"When air takes up much dampness it also becomes lighter than dry air. So both dampness and drought cause wind. If air did not move freely, we could not live. We must have fresh air for every breath. Air once breathed is unfit to breathe again."

While Charlie and his father were talking about wind, they were walking up the hill behind the cottage. On reaching the top, they sat down to rest awhile. The wind blew softly in their faces.

Overhead, clouds were scudding quickly along, but moving in a different direction from the wind which fanned their cheeks. Seeing this, the little boy touched his father's arm, and pointed upward.

"I am glad you notice that," said his father; "the upper and the lower air do not always move the same way at the same time. Those clouds are not more than two miles above our heads. Yet they are moving southward; while here, as you feel, the wind is from the south. Up there, of course, the wind is blowing from the north.

"I have sometimes seen two sets of clouds, moving in exactly opposite directions. I have seen clouds, six miles high or more, quite still in the sky; while others below were moving swiftly."



XXIII.

The Flax Plant.

type	mashed
lin en	hap pi er
shreds	moist ens
par ish	pos si bly
hacked	oth er wise

“People say that I look very pretty, and, to tell the truth, I think so myself,” said the flax plant

“I am sure that I am very happy. How can I be otherwise, when the bright sun shines on me, the soft rain moistens me, and the cooling breeze gently fans my flowers? Indeed, I am happier than I can tell.”

Not long after this, people came and pulled the flax up by the roots, and threw it into a pool of water. Then it was bruised, and broken, and barked, and at last put on a spinning-wheel. All this ended in its being made into a piece of snow-white linen.

"Well, this is charming!" said the flax. "I believe that I am the finest piece of linen in the parish. No one can possibly be happier than I am."

Years passed away, and the linen became so worn and torn by constant use that it could hold together no longer; so it was rent into shreds, and hacked, and mashed, and boiled, and pressed between heavy rollers, and then became a sheet of fine white paper.

Beautiful stories were written upon it, and sweet poems about birds and flowers.

"This is a surprise!" said the paper. "Each time I change, it is for the better. I wonder what will happen to me next!"

In a short time, the paper was sent to the printer, and all the beautiful stories were set up in type to make a book, nay, thousands of books, and the paper was then laid aside.

"It is good to rest after labor," said the paper, as it lay for a long time unnoticed in a dusty corner.

At last it was brought out and burned; and, as the flames rose high into the air, a voice from within them said, "Now I am in a fair way to rise to the sun!" And this is the last that was heard of the happy, contented flax.

XXXIV.—Archie's Tenth Letter.

Dear Kate:

Here I am in the city of New York. It is a very noisy place. Most of the streets are full of carriages; and the horse-cars and steam-cars are not far from the house at which we are staying. The steam-car tracks are built up high, over the streets, so that we can look right into people's windows as we ride along.

We went to Central Park, yesterday. It is a lovely place, full of pretty trees and little lakes. I think, though, the groves are not half so pretty as the one behind our house. They are kept so very nice, that a beetle would hardly dare crawl there.

I have not forgotten your present. Every time I go down Broadway, I look into the stores to see what pretty things are there. If I had ten dollars I should know very well what to buy; for I have seen something which I know you would like.

Have you been nutting since I came away? If so, tell me where you went, and how many nuts you brought home, and what you are going to do with them.

I must stop writing or I shall not have room for the rule:—Every complete sentence that is not a question or an exclamation, should be followed by a period; as, "Heaven helps those who help themselves."

Write soon to

Archie.



XXXV.—The Spider's Web.

tubes	rain y	cur rant	stretched
thread	cen ter	hard ens	break ing
stick y	spi ders	weath er	spin ner ets
weaves	pleas ant	walk ing	as ton' ished

"Aunt Lizzie, is it going to rain?"

"I do not know, Jamie; the clouds look like rain;—but we will go out into the garden and ask the spiders."

"The spiders! What do they know about the weather? They cannot speak," said Jamie, looking very much astonished.

"Ah, they know a great deal, those little brown people that spin traps to catch flies in. Come with me, and we shall soon know whether sunshine or rain is coming."

Out in the garden, on a currant bush, there lived a busy brown spider; and when Aunt Lizzie and Jamie stopped by the side of the bush, the spider was walking to and fro, carrying a fine silken thread.

"This must be a female spider," said Aunt Lizzie; "male spiders do not make webs.

"See! she is trying to mend a large rent, made, perhaps, by some little boy's hoop-stick. It is not going to rain, or she would not mend her house."

"Why, Aunt Lizzie!" said Jamie, again looking surprised; "she has no real house. That is a web, made of sticky threads."

"Yes, Jamie, that net is her house. Perhaps she has another place for a home, where she lays her eggs; but this is the house in which she stays to catch the silly little moths or flies that dance in the sunshine, around the currant bush."

"But why do you think the spider would not mend her house if it were going to rain?"

"Spiders are very wise little creatures, and they would not take the trouble to mend a great hole like this, if a storm were coming. They would curl themselves up under a leaf, and stay there until the weather cleared."

"How very fine this web is!" exclaimed Jamie. "I could easily spoil it with my little finger. We could not make any thing so pretty and delicate—how can the spider do it?"

"Just at the end of the spider's body, are three pairs of spinnerets. I suppose they are so called because the little spinner weaves her webs by means of them. On the tips and lower sides of these spinnerets are many very small tubes; and out of these tubes the spider draws her silk."

"Real silk, Aunt Lizzie, like the silk on the spools in your work-basket?"

"No, spider's silk is only a white, sticky fluid, that hardens when it is brought into the air; and then it seems more like silk than any thing else.

"When a spider is going to spin her web, she looks about to find a branch full of twigs that are near each other.

"To one of these twigs she fastens the silk which she has drawn from the tubes; then she lets herself drop to the opposite twig, drawing her silk after her.

"To and fro the spider goes, carrying the thread with her; and she carefully fastens it to the twigs, until the frame-work of the web is finished."

"It is very interesting to learn about the spiders," said Jamie, drawing a long breath.

"After the spider has finished the frame-work, away she runs up a line of silk until she reaches the middle of the long thread, which is to be the center of the net. Then she begins spinning again, but, this time, she weaves silken threads over and under those already stretched.

"Round and round the spider goes, until nearly the whole frame-work is covered, and then she breaks her thread. The spider's house—her trap for catching the foolish little flies—is finished.

"The spider knows whether rain or pleasant weather is coming; and, if you find she does not take pains to weave her net-work to the very end of the long threads which were fastened first of all, you may expect sunshine.

"But, when a web is made in rainy or in windy weather, the wise brown spider weaves her net to the end of the frame-work, that it may be strong enough to keep from breaking.

"I will tell you a story about a spider, Jamie. One stormy day I was out in the garden, and I saw a spider's web on this very currant bush. The wind had been

blowing hard for a long time; and some of the frame-work at the bottom of the web had been blown away.

"The wind was still blowing, and the spider could not mend her net. So, what do you think she had done?"

"I do not know," said Jamie.

"She had fastened some bits of wood to the long threads, to hold them in place; and these bits of wood were just heavy enough to keep down the ends of the net, yet not heavy enough to tear it."

"But how could the spider put the wood there?" asked Jamie. "I think somebody must have helped her."

"No, I am very sure the spider did it alone, because I took away the bits of wood, just to see what she would do; and, in a very little while, when I went back to look at the net, there were other pieces of wood fastened to the ends of it."

"Does God teach the spiders how to build their houses?"

"Yes, dear, and how great and good is our Heavenly Father, to teach these little creatures how and where to spin their nets, and when to wait for pleasant weather."



XXXVI.—The Robin's Song.

guess
twit ter

dipped
brushed

tee-to' tal
tem per ance

I asked a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sang in the apple tree over the way,
What it was he was singing so sweetly about,
For I'd tried a long while, and could not find out.

"Why, I'm sure," he replied, "you cannot guess wrong;
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?
'Tee-total!' oh, that's the first word of my lay!
And, then, don't you see how I twitter away?

"'T is because I have just dipped my beak in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my wing;
Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long!"

XXXVII.--A Lesson about Birds.

PART I.

i de'a	troub le	trem bles
eas i ly	ca na'ry	thought less
dol lars	purl ing	dan de li ons
e las'tic	cu ri ous	mis chiev ous

One bright morning, when the yellow dandelions were shining like so many gold dollars in the green grass, and the purling brooks were chattering to one another, a boy whom we shall call Henry, suddenly remembered that the school term was over, and that the first day of his vacation had come.

"What shall I do all day long?" said he to himself. After a while, he thought he would take a basket, and go into a neighboring field, and gather some dandelions and violets for his mamma.

Over the fence he went, and wandered far off into the field; and there he met two larger boys, whose names were William Drake and Charles Jones.

"Hollo!" said one of the boys to him; "come with us—we are going to have some fun. We have our pockets full of stones, and we are going to kill birds with them; it is the best fun in the world!"

Now, Henry was a thoughtless little fellow; and often, when another boy asked him to do a thing, he did it, without stopping to think whether it was right or not. So he filled his pockets with stones, and began running and shouting with his mischievous companions.

“Hurra! there’s a chipping-bird,” said one; “I’ll hit him.” “Look at that robin!” said another: “throw a stone at him. Oh, there’s a blue-bird! Now for him!”

Henry’s mother had been sitting at her window watching them; and she now stood up, and called, “Henry, come up here! I have something to show you!”

Then the other boys ran off, and Henry went up into his mother’s room, all panting and hot, saying, “Mamma, what are you going to show me?”

She first washed his heated face and hands, and then took from a drawer a small black box, which she wound up with a key like a watch-key. As soon as the box was set down, it began to play a soft, sweet tune, and Henry was astonished and delighted.

“What a curious box!” said he. “Who could have made it?”

“I do not know,” said his mother; “but why do you think it is curious?”

"Why, it is curious to see a musical instrument shut up in so little a box. I could carry this in my pocket. I wish it were mine; I would put it in my pocket and set it going some day; and then shouldn't I make the boys stare!"

"But," said his mother, "if you think it strange to see a musical instrument put in a little box, what would you think if I should tell you of one which was put in a bird's throat?"

"In a bird's throat!" said Henry; "who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Well," answered his mother, "there is a boy in this room who has been listening this morning to a little instrument which is inside a bird's throat, and which can make sweeter music than this box, and yet he did not seem to wonder at it.

Henry looked thoughtfully at his mother.

"When you went into the fields, did you not hear robins and blue-birds playing on little instruments in their throats, and making all sorts of sweet sounds? Look now at Cherry, your little canary-bird hanging in the window; and see, when he sings, how his throat trembles."

"Oh, I know what you mean now," said Henry, "you mean my little canary-bird is

like a music box. Well, but what sort of instrument has he in his throat? I am sure I do not know."

"Why, he has a little, fine, soft flute, on which he can play many notes."

"A flute in his throat!" said Henry, laughing. "What a funny idea!"

"It is even so," said his mother. "The little pipe through which the canary-bird sings is more curiously formed than any flute. It fits into his throat so easily as never to interrupt his eating or breathing; and it turns whichever way he bends his head. Now, did you ever hear of any musical instrument that was as curious as this?"

"Well, it is strange," said Henry. "I might have heard a bird sing for a month, and never have thought of all this; but, now I do think of it, it seems very curious. But, mother, what is this little flute made of?"

"It is made of little elastic rings."

"Elastic! What is that?" said Henry.

"Why, like India-rubber, springy, and easily bent; and, being so made, the bird can turn and bend his throat without trouble, which he could not do if it were a straight, stiff pipe like a flute."

XXXVIII —A Lesson About Birds.

PART II.

nerves	re gards	di vīd'ing
el bow	col umn	gen er al ly
spi nal	mus cles	dis solv'ing
en a'ble	mo tions	con tract'ing
ten don	creat ures	con triv'an ces

"Well, mamma," said Henry, "you have convinced me that there is a great deal more to be learned about little birds than I ever supposed."

"But, Henry, I have not yet told you half. Every bone in a bird's body is so carefully made and finished, and his joints are so curiously contrived, that the little fellow can hop, and spring, and turn, all day long, and yet nothing grates or gets out of order.

"Then he has contrivances for dissolving his food, and turning it into blood, and he has blood-vessels to carry it all over his body. A bird has also nerves with which he feels, and muscles with which he moves."

"But, mother, I don't know what nerves and muscles are," said Henry.

"Nerves are white cords that run through all parts of your body. When you eat, the nerves of your mouth help you to taste. The nerves of your nose enable you to

smell; the nerves of your eyes, to see; the nerves of your ears, to hear; and the nerves that go to the skin enable you to feel.

“Many of these nerves come from a large one that runs down through the middle of your spinal column, or backbone; and they divide and branch out, till they form a complete net-work through every part of the body, so that you cannot put the point of a pin anywhere upon it without touching a nerve.”

“And what are muscles?”

“Did you ever pull a piece of lean meat into little strings?” asked his mother.

“Yes,” said Henry.

“Very well, a muscle is a bundle of such little strings, and these strings generally end in a strong, tough cord, called a tendon. This muscle has the power of contracting; and, when it contracts, it pulls the tendon, and the tendon moves that part of the body to which it is fastened.

“I can show you some tendons in a moment. Open your left hand and you will find, at the back, a tough, hard cord running down to each finger. This is a tendon. Now clasp your left arm with your right hand and close the left hand.

Henry did so, and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, when I close my hand, I feel something move up here near my elbow!"

"That is the muscle," said his mother. "You feel it contracting, or drawing up short, thus pulling the tendons, and these tendons pull your fingers.

"All the motions of animals are made in this way. There are dozens and dozens of muscles, shrinking and stretching, and pulling, in little Cherry's body, every few moments."

"I suppose Cherry does not think much about them," said Henry, as he watched the little fellow hopping about in his cage.

"Poor little Cherry!" said his mother; "he cannot understand how much God has done for him, and with what watchful care He regards all His creatures."

"No, indeed!" said Henry, "if birds did understand, they would love Him very much."

"That is true; but little Cherry loves us. How glad he is to see us in the morning! He shows this by his joyful singing."

Henry had a thoughtful look in his eyes as he said, "I am sorry that I tried to hurt the little birds to-day; I will never do so again."

XXXIX.—Archie's Eleventh Letter.

Dear Kate:

We went to Central Park again, yesterday. This time we went to see the animals. The lions are beauties! I could not help liking the biggest one, he looked so noble.

The tigers are not so handsome as those we saw at the menagerie. There is a large cage of monkeys, and I watched them for more than an hour.

Mother did not like the monkeys, so she walked in the Park while I was watching them. I saw some other strange animals that I will tell you about, when I get home.

In the letter which Fred wrote to mamma, he spoke of a jolly time you and he had at a picnic. You must tell me all about it. I hope you had warm, pleasant weather, for it is rather late in the season to stay in the woods all day. You kept warm, though, if you chose the southern side of the hill, near the brook, where the sun shines in among the trees.

This is the rule for to-day:—Commas mark the shortest pauses in reading. They separate words and short phrases; as, "Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Your brother,

Archie.



XL.—Piccola.

faith	sel dom	pa tient	spar row
saint	dawned	par ents	pov er ty
grants	fort une	doubt ed	shiv er ing

Poor sweet Piccola! Did you hear
 What happened to Piccola, children dear?
 'T is seldom fortune such favor grants
 As fell to this little maid of France.

'T was Christmas time, and her parents poor
 Could hardly drive the wolf from their door;
 Striving with poverty's patient pain,
 Only to live until summer again.

No gifts for Piccola! sad were they
 When dawned the morning of Christmas day;
 Their little darling no joy might stir,
 Saint Nicholas nothing would bring to her.

But Piccola did not doubt at all,
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas day;
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke;
Such sounds of gladness filled the air
'T was plain Saint Nicholas had been there.

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild;
Never was seen such a joyful child.
"See what the good saint brought!" she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story who ever heard?
There was a little shivering bird—
A sparrow that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's wooden shoe!

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen;
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
She danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true;
In the far off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

XLI.—A Merry Christmas.

PART I.

light ed	sol diers	Christ mas
mit tens	anx ious	doubt ful ly
worst ed	or an ges	ge og'ra phy
pleas ure	ar ranged	sur round'ed
bus tling	stock ings	mys te'ri ous

It was a day or two before Christmas, toward which the children had been looking for many weeks. Whenever mamma came home, anxious little eyes peeped slyly at the bundles that she brought.

"I do hope mamma will remember how much I need a stamp-book!" cried Will, one day, when he was sure she had nothing of the kind among her parcels. "I have fifty stamps now, and Uncle John promised to send me more. Mamma believes in having stamp-books; she says it teaches us geography, to find on the map the places from which the stamps came.

"You are welcome to a stamp-book, and I hope you will get one, Will," answered Jenny; "but I want Andersen's Fairy Tales. What good times we should have reading aloud to one another!"

"I want a fife and a drum," chimed in little Robbie, "and I hope Santa Claus will

give me a set of soldiers, and a new top, and a whip, and a gun, and a big rocking-horse, and a heap of candy!"

"Why, Robbie," said mamma, who had taken off her wraps and put away the mysterious looking bundles, "if Santa Claus gives you all the presents you want, I am afraid he cannot give any to some poor little girls and boys I know, who did not get anything in their stockings last year."

"O mamma!" cried the two older children, with a sudden look of sadness, "was n't that too bad? We might give them something this year. Where do they live?"

"Not far from here. I called there this morning. Their father is sick. There were five little children playing in the room, and all were pretty and well behaved. I could not help thinking how different their Christmas would be from yours."

"Let us make a Christmas tree for them," said Jenny. "Will you buy us a tree, mamma, if we will trim it? I think we can all find something to put on it."

"Yes, indeed!" said mamma, "I should be very glad to have you give the little Wilsons a surprise. I will go now and send for a pretty little tree. Before it comes, you can look over your books and toys to see what you would like to give.

"I will give them my rabbit with one ear broken off," said Robbie.

"I am going to look over my story books," said Will. "I think I can spare my little Robinson Crusoe book, not my big one, of course."

"I will find some pretty little boxes and fill them with beads," said Jenny; "and we must pop some corn and string it for the tree."

"O, yes!" cried Will, "let us pop it now."

"And we ought to have little candy bags," added Jenny. "I think we can spare a few cents to buy some nice candies."

"Yes," said Will. "It would not be a tree worth having, if there were no candy on it. We can put apples on it, too, and oranges—that is, if mamma will let us have them."

"Of course she will," replied Jenny. "Did you ever know mamma to refuse us such things if we wanted to give them away?"

"I can pop corn," said Will, doubtfully; "but I don't know about the candy-bags. I think you will have to make the bags."

"O, they are easy to make," answered Jenny. "Mamma will cut them out. They must be made of coarse lace, because it is so nice to see the candy shining through. Then all you have to do, is to

run bright worsted round the edges—red is the prettiest—and then run in another piece of worsted for a string to hang it up by.”

“O, I can do that,” cried Robbie; “and I might knit them a worsted ball, too.”

Both children laughed at this, for Robbie’s knitting was oftener on the floor than in the little box where mamma first put it.

Robbie did not enjoy being laughed at, if he did leave his knitting where kitty could get it and play “cat’s cradle” with it. His little lip began to quiver, when Jenny said, “O Robbie, will you help us to shell the corn? Perhaps we can get some of it strung before the tree comes.”

XLII.—A Merry Christmas.

PART II.

The tree came, and was fastened on a little wooden stand. Mamma gave up one room in which to trim it.

The children were surprised, when they looked over their treasures, to find how many things they could spare for the little Wilsons.

Jenny found several little dolls’ dresses and hats, which it had given her more pleasure to make than to use; and mamma

bought her two or three china dolls, that these clothes would fit. Each doll was put into a little box, which was hung on the tree by a bright ribbon.

Will found a small broken cart and pop-gun, that he had cast aside as worthless, but a little glue made them all right.

Tops, picture-books, playthings of all sorts, tiny tin pails filled with pretty sugar plums—these, and many other trifles which delight children's hearts, found their way to the Christmas tree.

Papa looked in upon the children, at night, and was so pleased that he promised to bring them, the next day, some warm mittens and stockings.

Mamma rolled up several neat aprons and hung them on the tree, and a paper parcel, lying at its foot, contained a nice woolen dress for Mrs. Wilson.

No children could be happier than were these busy little workers on Christmas eve, when, as a finishing touch to the tree, they fastened on the branches, bright candles, all ready to be lighted.

"Is it not a beauty?" asked Jenny, as mamma came in to see it before it was sent off.

"Yes," said mamma, more pleased than she could tell, to see her children's delight

in working for others,—“it is a beauty. How much the little Wilsons will enjoy it!”

“I made two strings of corn,” shouted Robbie. “Jenny said I helped her ever so much.”

“Yes, mamma, Robbie did help us. I hope Santa Claus will remember him!”

“Mamma,” cried Will, “John says he does not know where the Wilsons live. Now, I do; may I go with him to show the way?”

“O, let me go!” chimed in Jenny.

“And me, too!” added Robbie.

“I don’t know about it,” said mamma slowly; “it is very cold, and it will be quite dark, too. Besides, one seat of the wagon must be taken out, to make room for the tree.”

“That’s the very reason why I should go,” said Will. “Some one must sit on the floor to hold the tree steady.”

“And Robbie and I can sit on the seat with John,” added Jenny.

So it was arranged that the three children should go with the tree, to the house of the little Wilsons.

Mrs. Wilson had been hard at work, all day, washing. The father was better, but

he could not work yet; and his pale face showed, as he sat in a rocking-chair near the fire, how much he had suffered.

The oldest of the group of children was Bessie, a little girl about twelve years old. Then came three wide-awake boys, and Nora, the baby, who was just beginning to run alone.

"Bessie," said Tim, the oldest boy, "I wish we could have some Christmas presents! There are so many pretty things in the store windows! Do you not think mother could let us buy something?"

"No," said Bessie. "I know she could not. Don't let her hear your talking about Christmas. It will make her feel sad. I heard her say this morning that she owed money to the doctor, and the baker, and to the man who owns this house."

"It almost makes me cross to hear the Christmas bells," said Tim. "I wish I were a man!—I would work and earn money, and mother would not have to work so hard."

"Bessie," said the youngest boy, running in from the next room, "where shall we hang our stockings to-night? I want to hang mine next to yours."

"What is the use of hanging up our stockings?" said Jack, the second boy. "We shall

not get a thing in them if we do. We did not get a present last year; and of course we shall not now, when father is sick."

Just then a loud rap at the door was heard. The weary mother started, for she was afraid the landlord had come for his rent. "Go to the door, Bessie," she said. "Tell him I will try to pay him next week."

Bessie, trembling, opened the door; and there stood, not the busy, bustling landlord, but the beautiful Christmas tree with its pretty red and white candles lighted.

"O," said Bessie, almost losing her breath,—"there must be some mistake! We live here—the Wilsons."

But no, there was no mistake, for half-way up the tree, in gold letters, was:—
"*A Merry Christmas for the little Wilsons!*"

"O, mother, mother!" shouted Bessie, "do come and see what is here!" and in a minute more, mother, surrounded by the three boys, and holding little Nora by the hand, was at the door.

"Hurrah!" said Tim, "bring it in. Who says we shall not have a jolly Christmas!"

"It is better than hanging up a hundred stockings!" said Jack, as one of the candy

bags hit his nose. "Why, it is as fine as the tree in the window at the toy shop. Take care! don't knock off anything!"



"Who could have sent it?" said Tim, as they placed the tree in the front room.

"I cannot imagine," said Bessie, "but I am sure it came in a wagon, for I saw a man drive away when I went to the door."

That night, when mamma put Robbie to bed, he said, "I don't care if Santa Claus does not bring me a big rocking-horse. I hope he will bring me a set of soldiers, though. I will take great care of them always; and, next year, I will put them on another Christmas tree to give away."

XLIII.—The Impatient Water.

shrill	sta tion	fount ain
steam	nar row	pris on er
fan cy	whis tle	hedge-row
mill er	whisked	pat ter ing
cis tern	bub bled	com plete' ly
en gine	dis tance	lo co mo' tive

A locomotive-engine was one day standing in the station, under a large pipe, and near it was a cistern full of water. Now, this water did not like its mode of life, and, as I put my ear close to the cistern, I could fancy that I heard it say:—

“Here I am, shut up in these narrow walls, where I can see nothing of the world outside! If I were only a brook, how I would go singing and laughing through the fields! Even in that fountain I could be happy, playing with the fishes or leaping high into the air. Here, however, I am a prisoner; no one can see me or know my value.”

Just then a voice said, “Come; you are wanted.” So off the water ran, down a long dark tube, and fell headlong into an iron boiler.

Very soon it grew warm, for a large fire was burning beneath it. Hotter and hotter it became, until, at last, it boiled and bubbled

with delight; when, lo! the water faded out of sight, and became steam.

Just then a shrill whistle was heard, and out flew the steam; but, as it went, it moved a rod, and the rod moved the wheels, and a long train of cars glided out of the station. On they dashed, faster and faster, until the smoky town was left in the distance, and houses, trees, and fields flew by as if they all had wings.

Curving round a hill, the train soon passed out of sight, leaving the steam far behind. A cloud which happened to be floating by at that moment, asked the steam to come and join it. So up went the steam and the two became friends at once, gliding on gently over fields, and brooks, and rivers, and they said they had never been so happy in all their lives.

It was a hot summer day, and for a long time there had been no rain. The fields were brown and bare, and the streams were almost dry. The ground was so hard that the corn could not grow; and, though the sheep were nibbling all the day in the meadows, they could not get enough to eat.

"Can we not help them?" said one cloud to another.

"Yes, we will!" shouted a number of little clouds, all in one breath. "The hot sun shall not have it all his own way."

So they spread themselves out until they completely covered the sky. At this the sun was very angry, and flung his darts of fire at them; but it was all in vain, for he could not pierce the clouds.

Then every flower in the meadow and hedge-row looked up and smiled so sweetly that the clouds could stay in the sky no longer. They came down to the earth, turning into thousands of drops as they fell; and then, all through the land, there was the pattering of rain.

Very soon, the grass grew green, and the ducks came waddling to the pond in high glee, and the drooping flowers raised their heads, to drink in the refreshing shower.

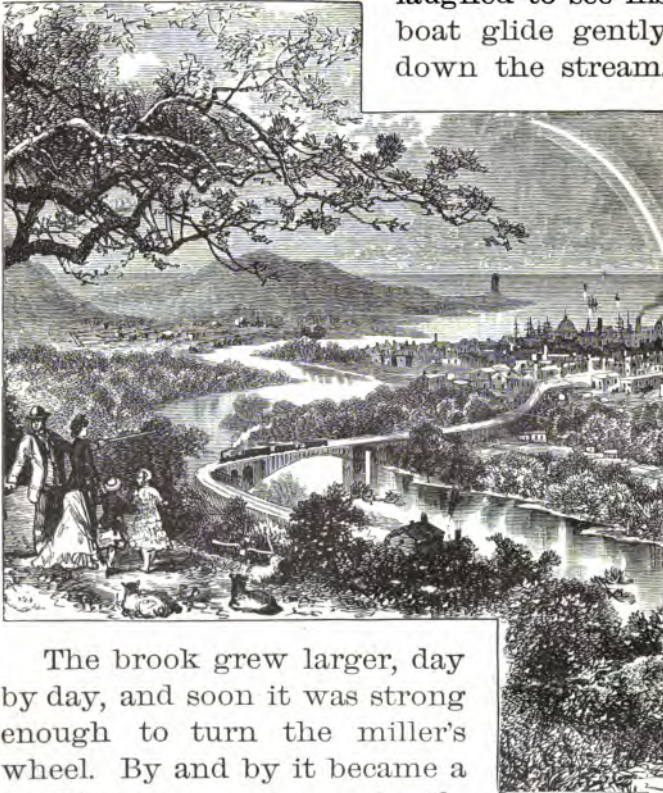
Now, the raindrops had got into the way of doing good and they could not stop; so off they ran, singing a merry song, for they were very happy.

At length, they fell into a brook, and their delight knew no bounds. They whisked round and round in a kind of dance, and then darted under the bushes, as if they were playing at hide-and-seek; and so the brook flowed on, as happy as

the day was long, loved by every one, and loving every one in return.

The grass grew greener where it ran; the birds dipped their little bills into its water and sang more sweetly; and the school-boy

laughed to see his boat glide gently down the stream.



The brook grew larger, day by day, and soon it was strong enough to turn the miller's wheel. By and by it became a mighty river, so deep and wide that great ships could float on it; and at last it found its resting place in the deep, strong sea.

XLIV.—A Trip Across the Prairies.

af fair	a larmed'	pas sen gers
pis tol	gor geous	Cal i for'ni a
cin ders	buf fa loes	cow-catch er
plod ded	New York'	New Eng'land
sway ing	con duct'or	dis ap point'ed

Carl and his father were seated in the cars, bound for the far West. They were going to make a visit to Carl's uncle in California, and had already been in the cars two days and nights.

Carl had never before made a long journey, and every State through which they passed gave him a great deal to think and to talk about.

They had glided swiftly among the pretty towns and lovely hills of Western New England. They had been through New York State, and had crossed the tumbling, rumbling, foaming Niagara, catching a glimpse as they went of the wonderful Falls that hurl the water of four great lakes into the river below. And now they were beyond the towns and cities, and were coming into the wild prairies of the West.

"O papa, what lovely flowers! I never saw wild-flowers so beautiful as these! I wish we could pick some of them for mamma!"

"The prairies are full of pretty flowers," said a gentleman who sat near by. "Whenever I take this trip, they remind me of a gorgeous carpet—the colors are so gay."

"Do you think we shall see any wild animals to-day?" asked Carl, looking with wonder at the gentleman who spoke of a ride on the prairies as a common affair.

"I never passed a day on the prairies yet," replied the gentleman, "without seeing some wild animals, though they are not so common as they were before the cars began to run here. I think we are coming to some deer now—yes, I am sure of it."

"Where? Where?" asked Carl, eagerly looking out of the window. "I wouldn't miss seeing a wild deer for any thing!"

By this time, the cars brought them round a curve, so that they could plainly see a troop of beautiful deer—some with horns, some without.

"O papa!" cried Carl, half disappointed, "why doesn't the conductor stop the cars? I am sure every one on board would be glad to watch the deer."

"If the cars should stop every time a wild animal is seen," said their friend, smiling, "we should be a long time getting to California."

Just then some one in the rear car fired a pistol towards the herd of deer, and away they went, bounding over the tall rank grass till they were out of sight.

"Never mind, Carl," said papa. "If we had been walking on the prairies, we could not have gone much nearer to the deer—they are very shy creatures. Perhaps we shall see some other wild animals."

Soon afterward, the engine gave several sharp whistles, and the train began to go more slowly.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" asked one and another of the passengers.

"Do not be afraid," said the kind gentleman, as he saw Carl's anxious face, "we are going to see something worth telling of. Come to the rear car where we can look out better."

"There!" continued their friend. "That black cloud rushing on ahead before the engine, and stretching out as far as we can see, is a herd of bisons—some call them buffaloes. The noise that sounds almost like thunder is made by their hoofs. It is not often that one sees so large a herd as that!"

"Could not the engine go ahead and toss the bisons off the track with the cow-catcher?" asked Carl, almost too excited to speak.

"Why, my boy," replied the gentleman, "there are bisons enough there to cover the train ten deep. But do not be alarmed. The animals are afraid of us—they will soon be off the track. There! they are clearing it."

And in a few minutes, the train was rushing on its way again.

But the most exciting part of the trip was yet to come. The next day the passengers noticed smoke in the air, and the conductor was heard to say, "The prairies may be on fire."

As night came on, there was no longer any doubt, for the sky before them was bright with flames. The poor frightened animals ran wildly from the fire—now a herd of deer, now a prairie-dog, now a pack of wolves.

The air in the cars became hot and dry, and the passengers closed the car-windows to keep out the heat and cinders that came from the great fire not very far ahead.

"I am frightened, papa!" said Carl. "Do you think we shall be burned up?"

"No, indeed," said his papa. "If the engineer finds we are in danger, he will stop the train. We may have to stay here over night; but we will not care for that."

"Look, papa!" cried Carl excitedly, as he rushed from one side of the car to the other. "See! there are flames on both sides of us; and how the fire roars!"

The train plodded on, swaying to and fro. Soon the engine came to a halt. The car door opened, and the conductor, looking in, shouted, "Cars are on fire out-



side! Passengers, get out as soon as possible! Bring your blankets and rugs!"

Carl and his papa were near the door, so that they were soon out. And, when Carl was safe, his papa turned and helped others.

Soon the car was empty; and, by throwing blankets on the flames that were just bursting forth, the fire was put out; but not until it had made sad work with the beautiful cars which Carl had admired so much.

"Why didn't they put water on the flames?" asked Carl, when they were again seated in the cars.

"You can answer that question yourself, if you think a moment," said his papa, smiling.

"O, I know!—we are not near any water."

The train was now on its way again, hastening away from the fire. Carl and his papa looked back from the rear car. The bright flames lighted up miles and miles of the wide prairie. Carl saw the frightened animals rushing wildly across the plains, and the birds, driven from their nests, flying in the bright sky.

"What a great, wide country a prairie is," said Carl, "no mountains, no hills, only flat, level land. It makes me think of a desert; and this fire reminds me of the terrible sand-storms."

"Yes," said his papa; "in some places the prairie is as wide as the great African desert. Let us be thankful that it is not a level waste of country, but a blooming garden."

XLV.—Archie's Twelfth Letter.

Dear Kate:

It is raining so hard to-day that we cannot go out sight-seeing. Mother bought me the "Life of Franklin." I like it very well. It has some of the stories papa told us.

I have often wondered why the people did not make Franklin President—he was so good and wise; but to-day I found out that he was a very old man when we first had presidents. He was eighty-three years old when Washington was elected, and was quite feeble.

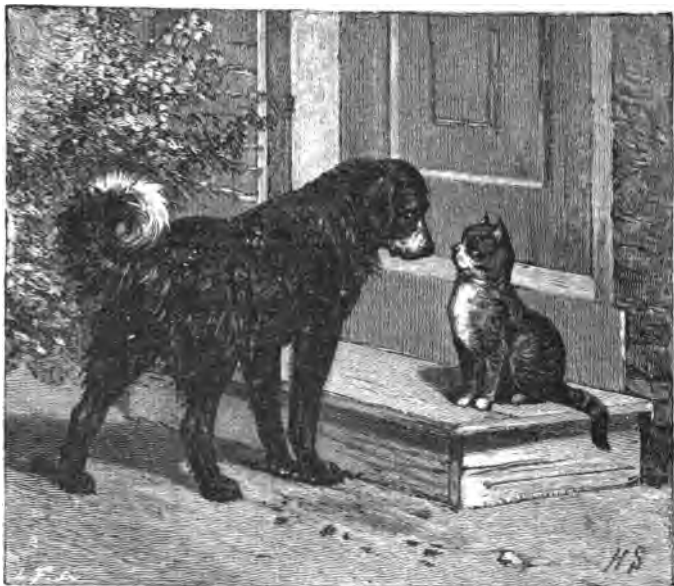
I think of you as in the house this rainy day. What do you find interesting to read? Or, does papa tell you stories? If so, write me what he tells you.

I must not forget the rule:—A semicolon marks a longer pause in reading than a comma. It separates members, or complete parts of a sentence; as, "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe, the horse was lost; for want of a horse, the rider was lost."

These are Franklin's words. Mother found them in my book. The words I quoted the other day,— "Early to bed," etc., are Franklin's, too.

Good-by for this time,

Archie.



XLVI.—Two Sides to a Story.

tem per	serv ants	in dig' nant
mōp ing	of fend' ed	par tic' u lar
ex act' ly	com plain'	in quis' i tive
heart i ly	com pelled'	ques tion ing
in quired'	threat ened	med dle some

"What is the matter?" said Growler to the tabby cat, as she sat, moping, on the step of the kitchen door.

"Matter enough," said the cat, turning her head another way. "Our cook is very fond of talking of hanging me; I wish heartily some one would hang her."

"Why, what is the matter?" repeated Growler.

"Has she not beaten me, and called me a thief, and threatened to kill me?"

"Dear, dear!" said Growler. "Pray, what has brought it about?"

"O, nothing at all; it is her temper. All the servants complain of it. I wonder the mistress did not send her away long ago."

"Well, you see," replied Growler, "she is very useful in the house; you and I might be spared much more easily."

"Not a drop of milk have I had this day," said the cat; "and such a pain in my side!"

"But what is the cause?" asked Growler.

"Have I not told you?" said the cat pettishly. "It's her temper—O, what I have had to suffer from it! Everything she breaks she lays to me—everything that is stolen she lays to me. Really I cannot bear it!"

Growler was quite indignant; but, after the first gust of wrath had passed, he asked, "But was there no particular cause for her being cross, this morning?"

"She chose to be very angry because I—I offended her," said the cat.

"How, may I ask?" gently inquired Growler.

"O, nothing worth telling—a mere mistake of mine," answered the cat.

Growler looked at her with so questioning a look, that she was compelled to add, "I took the wrong thing for my breakfast."

"O!" said Growler, beginning to understand the case.

"Why, the fact is," continued the cat, "while springing at a mouse, I knocked down a dish, and, not knowing exactly what was in it, I smelt it, and it was rather nice, and——"

"You finished it," hinted Growler.

"Well, I believe I should have done so, if that meddlesome cook had not come in. As it was, I left the head."

"The head of what?" asked Growler.

"How inquisitive you are!" said the cat.

"Nay, but I should like to know," said Growler.

"Well, then, it was the head of a fish that was meant for dinner."

"Then," said Growler, "say what you please; but, since I have heard both sides of the story, I only wonder that the cook did not hang you."

XLVII.—Imprisoned Sunshine.

buried	pro vide	Heav en ly
pressed	grum ble	dis cov' ered
rustled	sun shine	im pris' oned
tumbled	hard ened	com fort a ble

Once upon a time, long, long ago, thousands of years before there were any men, women, or children in the world, a great forest of trees was growing.

The trees were very large, and they crowded and shaded each other, so that the sunshine could not get to their trunks and roots.

They kept on growing, until finally one tree began to grumble and to say to its neighbor, "There is no one to see us. What difference does it make whether we drink in just so much sunshine each day, or not? Nobody will be any the wiser for it if our branches and leaves are not large and well grown. Of what use are we?"

The second tree rustled its leaves, as much as to say, "I agree with you, friend!" and repeated the fretful words it had just heard, to the tree on the other side of it. Soon, nearly all the forest was rustling and shaking with discontent.

But one tree said, "Be still awhile, sisters; I have something to say. The Great Wise

Father above put us here and bade us grow. He sends His bright sunshine to us each day, which must mean that we are not yet to stop growing. What matter is it if there is no one near to admire and praise us? We know that we are doing our duty. Is not that enough? For my part, I mean to grow as large and as strong as I can."

When this good tree had stopped speaking, there was silence through the dark forest; and soon most of the trees went on growing, some of them not so willingly as the others, however.

By and by, one after another finished growing, and dropped down on the ground; and new trees grew up. You could not have known, had you been there, that the first old trees had ever lived at all.

The new trees, in their turn, lived hundreds of years, drinking in all the sunshine they could. Then they, too, died and tumbled down, one by one; and a young tree soon crowded up into the place where an old one had been.

Then there came a great shaking of the earth, and the ground the trees were on sank down, lower and lower, while water and mud rushed in and covered up the place in which the vast forest had stood.

By degrees, the mud hardened into firm earth, or firmer rock; and the trunks and leaves of the trees in the old forest were pressed so close together by the heavy masses of earth and rock above them, that even air could not get in to them.

Of what use was all the sunshine that they had taken in? Of what use were all the lovely green leaves they had put forth?—they were all mashed together into one black looking lump.

After a while, animals—human beings and other creatures—came on the earth. But no one knew anything about the old trees of the forest that had lived so long ago.

Many more hundreds of years passed away, during which time the great black mass, which had once been trees, still lay buried in the dark earth.

In course of time, men began to dig down through the mud, sand, and stones, hoping to find silver and gold. After much digging, they came to the black mass into which the beautiful green forest had been changed.

They soon discovered that it would burn as well as wood. They were glad of this, for wood was becoming very scarce—so much of it had been used in making fires, and for various other purposes.

At once, men began to dig for the black stuff that had lain so long hidden in the earth; and the coal—as they called it—was sent all over the land.

And now it warms and lights many a home, and makes our school-rooms bright and comfortable in winter. This would not be, if, ages ago, those old trees of the forest had not grown as well as they could.

The sunshine that the trees took in before men came upon the earth is given back to us now—after its long imprisonment—in the warmth and brightness of the coal. Thus does the Heavenly Father provide for the wants of his children.



XLVIII.—The Constant Dove.

eaves	grieves	co coons
ga ble	slen der	con stant
moths	tap ping	nut-hatch
probed	pa tience	red den ing
laughed	a skance'	mur mured

The white dove sat on the sunny eaves,
 And "What will you do when the north wind grieves?"
 She said to the busy nut-hatch small,
 Tapping above in the gable tall.

He probed each crack with his slender beak,
 And much too busy was he to speak ;
 Spiders, that thought themselves safe and sound,
 And moths, and flies, and cocoons, he found.

O! but the white dove she was fair!
 Bright she shone in the autumn air,
 Turning her head from the left to right—
 Only to watch her was such delight!

“Coo!” she murmured, “poor little thing,
 What will you do when the frosts shall sting?
 Spiders and flies will be hidden or dead,
 Snow underneath and snow overhead.”

Nut-hatch paused in his busy care;
 “And what will you do, O white dove fair?”
 “Kind hands feed me with crumbs and grain,
 And I wait with patience for spring again.”

He laughed so loud that his laugh I heard:
 “How can you be such a stupid bird?
 What are your wings for, tell me, pray,
 But to bear you from tempest and cold away?”

“Merrily off to the south I ’ll fly,
 In search of the summer, by and by,
 And warmth and beauty I ’ll find anew;
 O white dove fair, will you follow, too?”

But she cooed content on the sunny eaves,
 And looked askance at the reddening leaves;
 While low I whispered, “O white dove true,
 I ’ll feed you, and love you the winter through!”

XLIX.—The Adventures of a Needle.

i ron	car bon	ham mered
nee dle	un ti'dy	play ground
scoured	fac to ry	ad vent'ures
sew ing	bus i ness	ma chin'er y
quar rel	pur chased	straight ened

I am a very little thing, and have but one eye; yet I have seen more with my one eye than many of you have seen with two, because I have always kept it open.

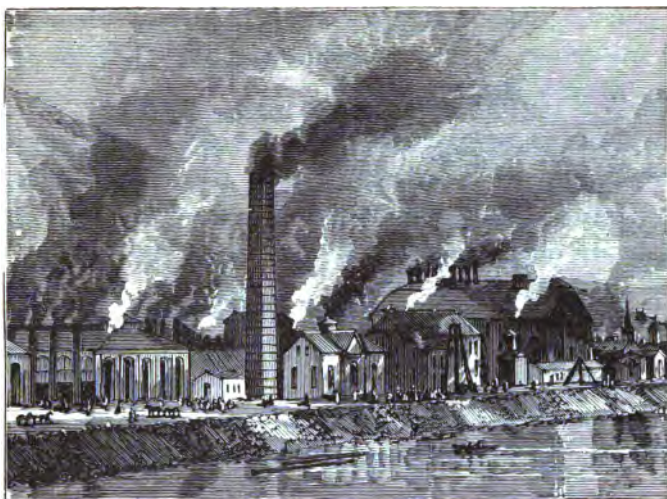
I have had a busy, bustling life; and, when I tell my adventures, you will not be surprised that I have only one eye, but will wonder how I have managed to keep that.

The iron from which I was made lay, for ages, buried in the ground. But men dug deep down into the earth and found it, or I should not have been here now.

The iron was mixed with carbon and made into steel. Had I been made of pure iron, you would not have found me so useful to you in your needlework.

The steel was made into large, heavy bars, and then drawn out into long, thin pieces, called steel-wire.

I do not pretend to know much about geography, but I dare say that all this was



done in a large smoky town somewhere—very likely in Sheffield, England.

You should have heard the noise of hammers and machinery there! And had you seen how the steel was beaten, and hammered, and rolled, you would have concluded there would not be enough of it left to make even a needle.

After the wire was finished, it was purchased by the needle-maker; and, in his factory, I was made as you see me now. I was cut to the proper length, and ground to a point on an immense stone wheel.

Then my one precious eye was made for me, and I was straightened, smoothed, scoured, and cleaned.

After the workmen had polished me and a number of other needles, they packed us in papers ready for sale.

The papers were each numbered, to tell what size we were. I am number seven, which is thought to be a very useful size for all common work.

I was then purchased, with many others, for a large shop in the city. Here I lay for a long time, until, one day, a clean, smart-looking little girl came in for "a paper of sevens," and my paper was given to her.

The home to which I was now taken, was poor, but very neat. The smart-looking girl was the eldest child of the family.

There were four other children younger than herself, and she used me to mend their clothes, as well as her own.

The children were very cheaply dressed, yet they always had a nice, tidy look; for, though their clothing was plain and poor, it was neatly made and remarkably clean.

They took great care of me in this home, and always put me away in a little needle-case after using me.

One day, I was given to one of the younger children to take to school with her needlework. It was a wonderful place

to me—that school—for I had never been inside one before.

It would puzzle me to tell how many girls there were, but they were every one using needles, making all kinds of clothing. There were babies' dresses and aprons, and a most charming piece of patchwork.

But I was frightened when I saw some tiny girls in the lowest class, trying to sew with very large needles. I was afraid they might push the sharp points into their hands, or do themselves harm in some other way.

Coming out of school, my owner lost me, and there I lay on the cold ground until the next morning, when another girl picked me up, stuck me in her apron, and carried me home.

But O, what a different home from the one in which I had previously lived! The house was untidy, the children were dirty, and in rags, and I had to lie still and rust.

It was very sad to see pins stuck into the clothes, and scratching the children, when I could have made everything so neat, if some one had taken the trouble to use me.

I have very great respect for my friend the pin, but, though I am glad to have his help sometimes, I prefer to do my own work

Then there is my friend, the thimble. He makes me go whether I will or not; but I own I could not get on so well without him. And so it is in life, each has to help the other—each has his own part to play.

The sewing would never be done if I were used instead of the pin, and the pin were used in my place, or if the thimble insisted that we should take his place. But each minds his own business, and in that way the work is done.

So it is with the world; if all of us tried to do the same thing, there would be neither peace nor order. But if each one sticks to his own duty, and does it well, there will not be much chance to quarrel.

L.—The Bat.

flight	pit ied	na tives	hur ried
boughs	bod ies	kitch en	shuf fling
warmth	home ly	feath ers	crawl ing

One cold day in winter, Hal and his brother George were playing ball in the garden.

Hal threw the ball to George, who missed it, and it fell into a thick hedge

close by. Both boys looked for it, parting the boughs, and searching the shrubs from top to bottom; but, for a long time, they could not find it.

Suddenly, George called out, "Hal, do come and look! here is a funny thing hanging on a bough. It has soft fur; and it hangs by its hind legs. I wonder whether it is alive!"

"Let me see," said Hal. "Why, I think it is a bat. Let us break off the little bough and put the creature in a box at the house. When papa comes home, he will tell us something about it. I wonder whether it is dead, or only asleep. I think I have heard that bats sleep through the winter."

They broke off the bough, carried it into the kitchen, and laid it on the table, while they made a cage out of an empty cigar-box. They bored holes in the sides to let in air, for they thought the bat might, after all, be alive; and they found a small sheet of glass which was just the thing for a lid, for they could see what was under it.

They were so busy at their work that for a few minutes they did not look at the bat; and, just as they had finished, their sister Alice came in, and cried out, "Hal!—George!—what is this queer thing that is crawling about?"

Both turned round, and sure enough, there was the bat shuffling along on the table in a very awkward manner. George ran to catch it, shouting, "It is alive!" But, before he could touch it, it spread its wings, and flew across the room to the window, striking against the glass and falling on the floor.

George closed the door, and Alice tried to catch the poor little breathless thing, which she pitied very much. She had her hand close to the bat, but did not dare touch it for fear it might bite.

In a minute or two, it had regained its breath, and had taken another sudden flight across the room. After some chasing, Hal caught it, and put it quickly, before it had time to bite, into the box that George held ready.

When their father came home, the children hurried him into the kitchen to look at their new prize, which was crouched in a corner of the box.

"Is it a bird or a beast?" asked George.

"Which do you think, children?" asked Mr. Williams. "Let me see whether you can find out."

"It has no feathers," said Alice, "and the hind feet have toes and claws; I think that it is a beast."

"But then it flies," said George; "beasts do not fly. Fancy a flying pig;—would he not be a strange creature?"

"I think that it is a beast, for all that," said Hal; "its body is covered with fur, like that of a mouse. It has long ears; and, when it flew, I saw that the skin which enables it to fly, is stretched out on four very long fingers."

"You are right; it is a beast. Bats are beasts as much as cats, mice, or elephants are. They do not lay eggs; they have five toes on each foot, a mouth with lips and teeth, instead of a bill like a bird; and their bodies are covered with fur.

"They are able to fly well by means of the skin that is stretched out on the four long fingers—as you have called them—of the fore feet. It passes along the sides of the body to the hind feet, and fills the space between the hind feet and the tail.

"There are various kinds of bats. Those that live in this country eat insects; but some, that are natives of hot countries, suck the blood of other animals; and there are very large bats that live on fruit.

"In the winter time, all bats, except those living in warm countries, go into a deep sleep, and stay asleep till the warm weather

comes. The warmth of the kitchen has waked your bat, and you must feed it."

The children fed the bat with little bits of meat; and it soon became so tame that it would come when called, and feed out of the hand.



During the day, it staid in the back shed, hanging by its hind claws in a dark corner, head down, fast asleep. But, after supper, when the lamps were lighted in the pleasant sitting-room, it would fly in through the door, and round the children's heads, as if asking for something to eat.

So, every evening, about the same time, they gave it a good meal; and the furry bat, with its big ears and homely nose, became almost as much of a pet with the children as their rabbits or their squirrels were.

LI.—Archie's Thirteenth Letter.

Dear Kate:

I have had a delightful time to-day! Some of mother's friends started for Europe this morning; and they asked us to go on board the steamer to see them off.

And then—what do you think?—they invited us to sail down the harbor with them, and come back in the little tug-boat that always follows the steamer.

Before we started, I went about the ship and into the big cabins, and the little state-rooms in which people sleep. But I liked best to go on deck and see the pilot. He is the man who stands at the wheel and guides the ship.

If I ever go to Europe, I shall stay on deck all the time—that is, except at night and at meal-times. Don't you hope that you and I can go to Europe some time? The steamer that we were on was going to Germany. I should rather go to England. Which country of Europe would you choose, and why?

Here comes mother with the rule, and I must stop talking about Europe.

A colon is used after such expressions as "namely," "remember this," "as follows," etc.; as, Remember this: "They who will not be advised, cannot be helped."

Archie.

LII.—The Smoky Chimney.

gla zier	puz zling	nec es sa ry
draught	neigh bor	brick-lay er
en e my	dis turbed'	ven ti la tor
nui sance	dif fi cul ty	im prove' ments

Abel Graves was a hard-working man, and his wife was a kind-hearted woman; but, though they did all they could to add to the comfort of each other, they had a sad enemy which often disturbed them. This enemy was a smoky chimney.

When Abel came home at night, and would have enjoyed his supper in a clean house and by a bright fire, he had to listen to the complaints of his wife, who declared that to sit in such a smoke as she did all day, was more than she could bear.

Abel thought it bad enough to have a smoky chimney, but he believed that it was still worse to be obliged to listen to scolding from his wife.

One night, when the smoke was pouring into the room, and Abel was puzzling his brains to hit upon some plan by which he could get rid of the nuisance, a neighbor of his—a slater—looked in at the door.

"Abel," said he, "you are in a pretty smoke! and you are likely to be, until you

place a few tiles at the top of your chimney to prevent the wind from blowing down."

When his neighbor was gone, Abel Graves said to himself that, in the morning, he would do as he had been advised.

Soon another neighbor—a glazier—came in. "Master Graves," said he, "your chimney gets worse and worse! You may try a hundred plans, but none of them will do until you put a ventilator in your window."

Away went the neighbor, and Abel began to think about having a ventilator in his window; but he could not decide whether to try the ventilator or the tiles.

"Hollo! Abel," shouted a third neighbor—a bricklayer—who was passing by; "this is interesting! I suppose you mean to smoke us all out."

"No, no!" said Abel; "I am tormented too much with the smoke myself to wish to torment anybody else with it. Nobody knows what a trouble it is to me."

"Why" replied his neighbor, "if you will only brick up your chimney a little closer, it will be cured at once. I was bothered in just the same way; but a few bricks made it right, and now I have no trouble at all with my chimney."

This set Abel Graves thinking once more; but, whether it was best to put tiles at the top, to brick up closer the bottom of the chimney, or to have a ventilator in the window, he did not know.

He mused on the matter before he went to bed, and woke two or three times in the night and thought it over; yet, when he got up in the morning, he was as far from being decided as ever.

Just as Abel was starting off to his work, Abraham Ireland came by. Now, Abraham was a sensible old man, so that his advice was often asked.

Abel, as soon as he saw him, asked him to step in for a moment, which he willingly did. "I want your advice," said Abel, "about my chimney, for it is the plague of my life!"

"What have you done to it?" inquired old Abraham.

"Why," replied Abel, "I have done nothing at all but fret about it; for this neighbor tells me to do one thing, and that neighbor tells me to do another, and so I am more puzzled about it than ever."

"There may be some sense in what each one says," said Abraham, thinking the matter over; "and, if I found it necessary, I would take the advice of all three."

No sooner had old Abraham gone, than Abel went in search of the slater, who, in an hour's time, put the tiles on the chimney-top.

When Abel returned from his work, at night, his wife told him that there had not been quite so much smoke in the house as before, but that, still, it was not fit to live in.

Next morning, Abel went to the glazier, who, in the course of the day, put a ventilator in the window. This mended the matter surprisingly.

But as the smoke, even now, did not all go up the chimney, Abel sent for the bricklayer, who bricked up the chimney a little closer, to make the draught quicker; and when Abel once more returned home, he found a clean hearth, a bright fire, a good-tempered wife, and a house as little troubled with smoke as any in the village.

"Well, Abel," said old Abraham, who had called to know how the improvements were going on, "you and your wife are able to see one another now."

Abel told him what he had done, and that his chimney was quite cured.

"I am very glad of it," replied Abraham, heartily; "and the next time you get into

a difficulty, instead of wasting your time in fretting over it, listen to the advice of others.

“Weigh it in your mind. When you have found a way of getting rid of your trouble, set about it at once. This plan will cure a thousand troubles quite as well as it will cure a smoky chimney.”

LIII.—The Cherry Tree.

lad en	leaf lets	trem bled
gath er	burst ing	quiv er ing
root let	blos soms	mid sum mer

The tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown :
 “Shall I take them away ?” said the frost, sweeping down.

“No, let them alone

Till the blossoms have grown,”

Prayed the tree, while it trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore its blossoms, and all the birds sung :
 “Shall I take them away ?” said the wind, as it swung.

“No, let them alone

Till the cherries have grown,”

Said the tree, while its leaflets, quivering, hung.

The tree bore its fruit in the midsummer glow :
 Said the girl, “May I gather thy sweet cherries now :

“Yes, all thou canst see :

Take them ; all are for thee,”

Said the tree, while it bent down its laden boughs low.



LIV.—Robert's Ride.

cov et	coup le	op po site
bu gle	fet locks	prac ticed
ei ther	stran ger	dif fer ent
los ing	tempt ed	self ish ness
act ive	can tered	ap pear'ance

The day was wintry, and snow lay on the ground; but Robert did not care for that. He was going to spend the day at his uncle's house, with a party of friends. There was to be a foot-race, and a silver-tipped bugle was to be the prize.

Robert had practiced running for several weeks, to prepare for the race. He was a manly boy,—active, merry, and bold,—with a heart as light as a feather.

"The race is to be at eleven, so make haste, little Brownie!" cried Robert to the pony, which his father had hired for the day, that he might ride to his uncle's house. One of the greatest treats that could be given to Robert was a ride on Brownie.

Robert was often tempted to wish that the pony were his own; but, as he had been taught not to covet, he was contented, and thankful for the things which he had.

It was not easy for Brownie to canter on as fast as his young rider wished, for the snow lay thick, and the pony often sunk in it up to his shaggy fetlocks.

Robert had ridden about half-way, when he passed a lonely cottage in which dwelt a poor old couple named Jones.

Robert had often seen the old man weeding in his little garden, and his wife, hanging out clothes to dry, or doing other work, but he had never spoken to them.

Just as he cantered past, the sound of a woman's voice calling, as if in distress, made him stop. Turning in his saddle, he saw Mrs. Jones running towards him, without either bonnet or shawl.

"Oh, young master!" she cried in a tone of despair, "will you, for mercy's sake, ride

to Chester for the doctor? My poor old man is suddenly taken sick, and there is no one near us who can go."

"To Chester!" cried Robert; "why, that is nearly five miles away!"

"Your pony can carry you; besides, I can not leave my husband. Oh, young master, he is very, very sick!"

Robert could not help wishing that the illness had happened on any other day than this. Chester lay in a different direction from that of his uncle's house; every one would be expecting him, and oh, how impatient he was to be there! Old Mr. Jones was no relation of his; why should he be the one to be sent for the doctor?

So whispered selfishness for a moment—but only for a moment. There came to the memory of the boy the beautiful story from the Scriptures, of a traveler who would not leave a poor stranger to suffer and to die. Robert thought of the sacred command, "Go and do thou likewise;" and he did not long hesitate.

"Go back to your husband," he said; "I know where the doctor lives, and I'll soon let him hear of your trouble;" and, turning his pony's head, Robert cantered off in the opposite direction.

The pony and his rider were now facing the cold north wind, whose fierce blast pierced Robert through, like a dart. Then, down came some large, white flakes from the dull-looking sky; faster and faster they fell, till the air was darkened by a heavy snow-storm.

It seemed to poor Robert as if he would never reach the doctor's door; and he thought of all the pleasure that he was losing, for, by this time, his chance of winning the silver-tipped bugle was lost.

At last, he came within sight of the doctor's house. Brownie stood at the door panting and puffing, the steam rising from his shaggy coat, while Robert, whose fingers were stiff with cold, pulled the bell.

"Tell the doctor, please," cried the boy to the servant who opened the door, "that poor old Mr. Jones is very sick; and ask him to go and see him as fast as he can."

"Doctor's just going out—here comes the gig for him," answered the servant. "I'll tell him what you say."

"Oh, how glad I am that I did not delay," thought Robert, as he turned his pony. "If I had been but five minutes later, the doctor might have been off for the day. The race must be over now. Well, though I have

lost my chance of the prize, I shall never regret that I have done a kindness to those poor old people."

Robert was too kind to urge the tired pony, and it was almost one o'clock when he reached his uncle's house.

"I'll not tell what has made me so late," thought the boy; "my father's proverb is, 'Do what is right, and say nothing about it.'"

Robert was very glad to leave Brownie to his uncle's servant, and run into the warm house, and up to the room whence came the sound of merry young voices.

"Oh, here is Robert! Here he comes at last!" shouted the children, as Robert, with his cheeks red as apples, suddenly made his appearance.

"Why, what has made you so late? You are two hours behind time," cried one.

"We thought that you were lost in the snow," said another.

"What has kept you so long?" asked Jessie, his cousin.

"Never mind what kept me;—I have come at last," said Robert, rubbing his chilled hands by the roaring fire. "Tell me who has won the foot-race."

"O, the snow came on, so we put off the race," said his uncle. "But the sun is beginning to shine, and we shall have the race after dinner."

"Then I am not too late, after all!" thought Robert. "It was a good thing for me that the snow-storm came on, though I thought it a trouble at the time."

Dinner was announced; and none of the party enjoyed the roast beef and the plum-pudding so much as Robert, who had won a good appetite by his long ride, and who was, besides, happy in the thought that he had performed a kind action.

About an hour after dinner the race came off. Robert ran, and ran well. He sprang like a bounding deer, and he was the first at the goal! When he rode home at dusk, the silver-tipped bugle might have been seen hanging from his neck.

When Robert called at the Jones's cottage on the following day, he was glad to find that the doctor had driven there at once, and that the poor old man was likely to recover from his illness. Sweet to the boy were the thanks of the grateful wife.

Robert said nothing of his adventure to any one at his home. He little guessed that his father had heard the whole story from the doctor.

On New-Year's day, Robert happened to be looking out of a window, when he saw the hostler leading Brownie up to the gate.

"O papa!" cried Robert, "why is dear old Brownie brought here to-day?"

"Can you not guess?" said Mr. Alford.

"I suppose you are going to treat me to another ride, dear papa. You are so kind, to hire Brownie for me."

"Brownie cannot be hired any more, for a gentleman has bought him," said Mr. Alford.

Robert looked sober. "I cannot help being sorry for that," he exclaimed, "for I shall never ride him again."

"Do not be sure of that, till you hear the name of his new master," said Mr. Alford with a smile. "The pony is now the property of one who has shown that he knows how to use him on errands of kindness."

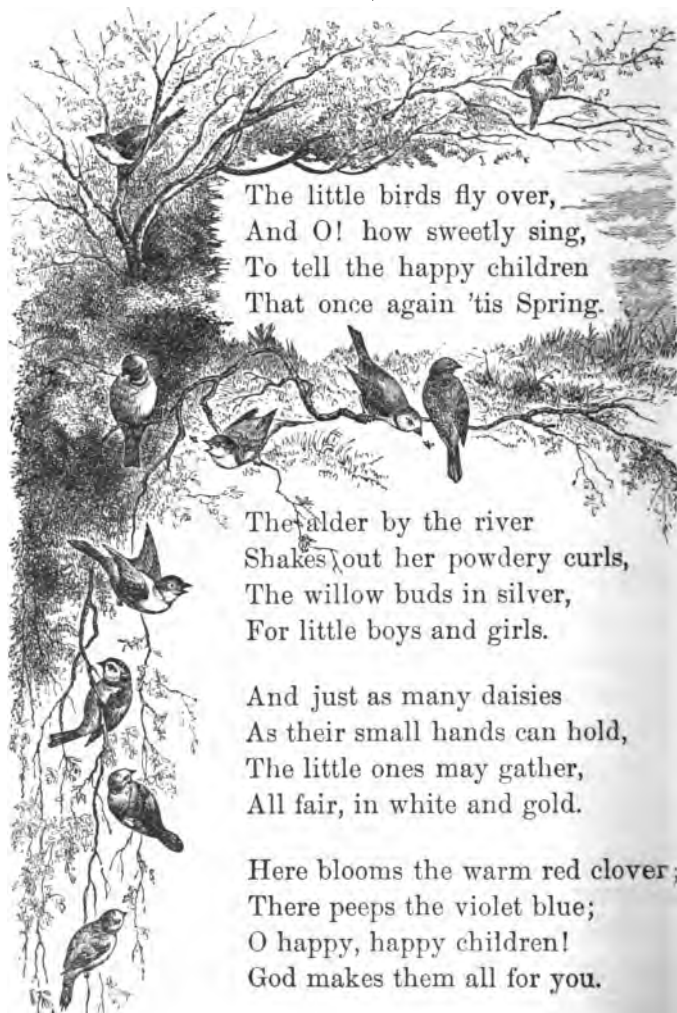
The father laid his hand fondly on the shoulder of Robert, as he added, "Brownie belongs to the boy who gave up his own pleasure that he might bring a doctor to a sick man;--the pony is a father's gift to the son who has learned to do what is right, and to say nothing about it!"

LV.—Birds and Flowers.

al der
gath er

rip ple
dai sies

wil low
pow der y



The little birds fly over,
And O! how sweetly sing,
To tell the happy children
That once again 'tis Spring.

The alder by the river
Shakes out her powdery curls,
The willow buds in silver,
For little boys and girls.

And just as many daisies
As their small hands can hold,
The little ones may gather,
All fair, in white and gold.

Here blooms the warm red clover;
There peeps the violet blue;
O happy, happy children!
God makes them all for you.

LVI.—Archie's Fourteenth Letter.

Dear Kate:

We had another sail to-day. This time we went up the Hudson. The weather was delightful. We were on a large steamer, and there was a band on board; so you may imagine how we enjoyed ourselves. It is great fun, when one is first starting out, to see all the boats on the river. I tried to count them; but there was so much to talk about, I soon gave it up.

As we were leaving the city, mother said, "Archie, I suppose you know what State that is, on the other side of the river." I am ashamed to say that I had forgotten. Do you know? Now, do not look in your Atlas until you have written your answer. When I get home I shall study geography more carefully than I ever did before. It makes one ashamed not to be able to tell the names of the States and rivers that he sees.

You will get only one more letter from me, for mother says we shall soon start for home.

Do you not think that the rule for to-day is very easy to understand? I do.

Rule:—Words or sentences expressing a wish or sudden feeling, are followed by exclamation points; as, "How I long to go!" "I am astonished!" "Hurrah!"

Archie.

LVII.—The Broken Window.

cred it	ben e fit	in dus try
po lice'	li bra ry	grat i tude
er rand	o bliged'	ac count'ing
du ti ful	hon es ty	a rith'me tic
man sion	in ci dent	en cour'a ging

Two boys were one day amusing themselves with that dangerous, though not uncommon, sport—pelting each other with stones. They had chosen one of the squares for their play-ground, thinking, by this means, to avoid doing mischief.

To the alarm of the thrower, one stone, instead of striking the boy at whom it was aimed, went through a window of one of the handsome houses in the square.

“Why don't you take to your heels, Jack?” cried the boy at whom the stone had been aimed. “You will have the policeman after you while you stand staring there.” And he caught the offender by the arm in order to drag him from the spot. But Jack still kept his ground.

“If your father is obliged to pay for this, you will stand a chance of having a good thrashing, Jack,” urged the other boy.

“Never mind, Tom; leave me to myself,” was the reply; and the young offender

moved with firm step towards the door of the house, the knocker of which he boldly raised. His knock was answered by a servant.

"Is the master of the house at home?" he asked modestly.

"He is."

"Then I wish to see him, if you please."

"That you cannot do, my man; but I'll deliver any message for you."

"No, that will not do. I must—indeed I must see the gentleman himself"

The firmness of the boy at length led the man to admit him. Opening the door of the library, he said he was sorry to ask his master to see a shabby little fellow; but he added that he could neither learn his business nor get rid of him.

"Bring him in," said the gentleman, who, having heard all that had been said, was curious to know the object of the boy's visit.

"I am very sorry, sir," he began, in a faltering voice, "but I have broken your window. My father is out of work just now, and cannot pay for it; but, if you will be kind enough to take the money a little at a time, as I can get it, I will be sure to make it up;" and, as he spoke,

he drew a few cents from his pocket and laid them on the table.

"That is an honest speech, my lad; but how am I to be sure that you will keep your word?" Mr. Bacon replied. "Do you know that I could have you sent to prison till the money is made up?"

"Oh, don't send me there, sir; it would break my dear mother's heart! I will pay you all—indeed I will, sir!" and the poor boy burst into a flood of tears.

"I am glad that you have so much concern for your mother's feelings. For her sake, I will trust to your honesty."

"Oh, thank you, sir—thank you!"

"But when do you expect to be able to make me another payment? This is a very small sum towards the price of a large square of plate-glass;" and, as he spoke, he glanced at the four cents which the boy had spread out.

"A week from to-day, sir, if you please."

"Very well, let it be so. At the same hour, I will be at home to see you."

True to his promise, honest Jack appeared at the door of Mr. Bacon's mansion. As the servant had received orders to admit him, he was at once shown into the library.

"I have a quarter of a dollar for you to-day, sir!" he said joyfully.

"Indeed! That is a large sum for a boy like you to earn in so short a time. I hope you have come by it honestly!" A flush of crimson mounted to the cheek of poor Jack, but it was not the flush of shame.

"I have earned every cent of it, sir," he replied; and he went on to say that he had held a horse for one man, and had run on an errand for another, in this way accounting for the twenty-five cents.

"Your industry does you credit, my lad," said Mr. Bacon kindly, his face lighting up with a smile. "And now I should like to know your name and where you live."

"I will write it, sir, if you please."

"You can write, then!—Do you go to school?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I go to a public school." And Jack stepped forward to take the pen which Mr. Bacon held towards him.

"You write a good hand, my little man. Let me see whether you understand arithmetic." Jack replied readily to all the questions put to him. "That will do. Now, when do you think you will be able to come and bring me some more money?"

"I shall come again this time next week, if I be alive and well, sir."

"That was wisely added, my lad; for our lives are not in our own keeping. This also, I see, you have been taught."

Another week passed, and again Jack appeared; but he now wore a look of sadness.

"I am very sorry, sir," he said; "I have been unlucky, and have only a small sum to give you." As he spoke, he laid six cents before Mr. Bacon. I have tried to earn money in every way I could think of," he added, "but this is all I could get."

"I believe you, my boy. I am pleased with your honest purpose. Perhaps you will meet with better success another time. Let me see: you have now paid thirty-five cents. That is doing pretty well for the time;" and, with an encouraging smile, Mr. Bacon allowed him to depart.

Though Mr. Bacon had said nothing about it, he was planning a way to befriend the poor boy, whose noble conduct had won his heart. For this end, he paid the parents a visit, when he knew that their son would be at school. He related the incident which had brought the boy under his notice, and asked whether his conduct at home was as praiseworthy.

"O, yes, sir," said the mother, her eyes filling with tears. "He has ever been a dutiful child to us; and he always acts in the same honest, straightforward manner."

"He has indeed a noble spirit, sir," the father added; "and I am as proud of him as if he were a prince."

"Would you part with him for a while?" asked Mr. Bacon. "I have something in view for his benefit."

"We would willingly spare him if it were for his benefit," was the reply of both.

"Well, then, buy him a suit of clothes with this money, and bring him to my house to-morrow. I have made arrangements for him to live with me, and will take charge of his education and treat him as if he were my own son."

Words cannot describe the gratitude which beamed in the eyes of the happy parents; nor could they find words to express it.

So sudden a change would, in many cases, prove hurtful to a boy's character; but Jack is so sensible and so honest, there is little fear that his head will be turned by his good fortune.

LVIII.—The Brave Fireman.

hon or	ag o ny	en gines
dis may'	re ceive'	o pen ing
hatch et	de spair'	read i ness
an guish	puff ing	dis ap peared

“Fire! fire! fire!” rang out through the midnight air.

People started from their sleep and threw up their bedroom windows to ask where it was. Some hurriedly dressed themselves, and ran in the direction of the burning building.

At last a cry was heard that the fire-engines were in sight. On they came at a rapid pace. The crowd made way for them. “Are all out of the house?” shouted one of the firemen. “I think so,” said a policeman, pointing to a group of half-dressed people.

Just then there came a cry of horror from the crowd. Mrs. Wilson, able to find only three of her children, had rushed back to the ladder by which she had descended, calling out in her agony, “There are two children yet in the house, little Willie and Mary!”

Strong hands held her back, and all said that she would only throw away her own life in the attempt to save them.

One of the firemen heard her; and hastily asking in which room the little ones slept, he placed the ladder against the window of that room, and, hatchet in hand, quickly ascended.

With a few well-directed blows he made an opening through the sash large enough to admit himself, and, in a moment, was lost to view.

Several minutes passed, and nothing was heard but the crackling of the flames, the puffing of the engines, and the hoarse cries of those who directed the men. With anxious eyes the crowd watched the window through which the brave man had disappeared.

The firemen were ready to place their ladders against other parts of the building, if needed. Pieces of carpet had been provided, to receive any one who might be dropped from a window. Ten minutes passed—it might have been an hour, it seemed so long to the anxious, waiting crowd.

Suddenly a cry was heard—a cry of anguish and dismay, for flames burst forth from the room in which the children slept! All hope now seemed gone. The mother gazed in despair upon the scene: she could not speak. Her grief was terrible to behold.

At that moment another cry rent the air, a cry of joy. "There he is! they are



saved! they are saved!" shouted the people, who were, by this time, almost wild with excitement. Down the front staircase, carrying a child in each arm, the brave fireman was seen making his way.

Unable to return by the window without injury to the children, he had been obliged to grope along through the smoke to the stairs. And he was not a moment too soon; for, with a loud crash, the inside of the building fell close behind him.

How the crowd cheered him, as he placed the children safe and sound in the arms of their grateful mother. All honor to the brave fireman!

LIX.—Jamie's Wagon.

debt	bouquet'	exertion
aunt	pillowed	lovingly
voyage	gathered	earnestly
rejoiced'	namesake	soothingly

"Darling Jamie!" exclaimed little Nellie Moore, as she knelt by the side of her two-year-old brother, and offered him the blossoms which she had gathered for him on her return from school. "How I wish you were strong and well as I am, and could run about and pick the pretty flowers!"

Jamie smiled and held out his hand for his sister's gift.

"Jamie is glad to see Nellie," he said, as he patted his sister's cheek, and put up his lips for a kiss.

"Jamie is happy now," said Mrs. Moore, looking up from her work and smiling lovingly on the children. "He is always contented when he has his dear Nellie with him."

"How soon do you think he will be able to run about, mother?" asked Nellie, looking earnestly in her mother's face.

"We can not tell, dear," answered the mother, with a sigh. "He had just learned

to walk, you know, when he was taken sick; and the doctor tells me that it may be a long time before he will be strong enough to run about again.

"But he is growing stronger every day. The fresh air does him good. I moved his crib out into the yard to-day, and let him feel the warm sunshine. It has already brought a little color into his cheeks."

"If father were at home," said Nellie, "he could make a nice little wagon for Jamie, and I would draw him about in the woods and fields.

"But father will not be at home for two or three months, and then it will be cold weather, and Jamie cannot go out. I wish we had a wagon for him now!"

Jamie smiled and looked very much pleased, though he knew but little of what Nellie was talking about, for he had never taken a ride, and the greater part of his life had been passed in one room.

Mrs. Moore lived in a cottage near a small village. Her husband was a sailor, and was often absent for many months at a time. During his last voyage, the severe illness of the little boy had made it necessary for Mrs. Moore to incur many heavy expenses; and she found that it would be very diffi-

cult for her to support her family until her husband's return, as the money which he had left with her was nearly gone.

Unwilling to run in debt, she was now making every exertion, not only to economize, but also to increase her means by sewing for the families of the wealthy farmers in the neighborhood.

Mrs. Moore sighed as she listened to Nellie's cheerful talk about taking little Jamie to ride. She had been thinking, that very day, that a little carriage would be very useful and pleasant.

"Perhaps, when this lot of work for Mrs. White is finished, mother, you can buy a cheap carriage of some kind for Jamie."

Mrs. Moore shook her head sadly. "Every cent of it is needed for other things, Nellie," she replied; "but we will carry Jamie out in our arms, and do the best we can to give him the fresh air."

"We could get a little wagon made for one dollar," said Nellie. "The carpenter who works for Mr. White made one for his little boy, and I heard him say it was worth a dollar, but even that you cannot spare. Never mind, Jamie, sister can draw you on the grass in the old clothes-basket."

The next day, Mrs. Moore was reading a letter from her only sister who lived many miles away; and, as she finished the first two pages of the letter, and turned to a new leaf, she said, smiling, "And now comes a message for Nellie:—

"Give my love to my little niece, and tell her Aunt Nellie does not forget that her birthday is close at hand. The enclosed dollar is to buy a new doll; for I think the one which I brought on my last visit must be quite unfit for use."

Nellie's eyes beamed with delight as her mother placed the money in her hand.

"I love Auntie!" she exclaimed. "If she were here I would kiss her a dozen times."

"She is very thoughtful of her little namesake," said Mrs. Moore, "and I am glad that you can have a new doll, dear Nellie. Your old one does look shabby, because you so kindly lent it to Jamie when he was sick."

"Jamie loves poor Fannie, mother. She does not look so very bad. One of her eyes is out, and there is a little piece broken off the end of her nose, but she has one good foot."

Mother laughed at this, and Nellie looked a little grieved.

"Never mind, Nellie," said her mother, soothingly, "Fannie does look pretty well, considering how long she has been in use; but, of course, a new doll will look much better. Let me think, next Saturday will be your birthday. I must go to the village and buy the doll."

"Must I have a doll, mother?" asked Nellie, anxiously.

"No, dear, not if you prefer something else," replied Mrs. Moore, with surprise. "Aunt Nellie will be glad to have you buy what you like best."

"Then I will buy the wagon for Jamie," said Nellie, clapping her hands with delight.

"But, Nellie, are you willing to give your whole dollar?" asked her mother, who wished to test her generosity.

"Yes, of course," returned Nellie, as if surprised at the question; "and, if you are willing, I shall go right over to Mr. White's, and ask the carpenter to make the wagon and to have it done by Saturday, if he possibly can, so that I can give Jamie a ride on my birthday."

Mrs. Moore was quite willing, and Nellie hastened away, soon returning with the pleasant news that the wagon would be ready for them on Friday evening.

Saturday was bright and sunny, and Nellie rejoiced greatly that the dollar from Aunty came just in time to give them all so happy a day.

Little Jamie was carefully seated in the new wagon, and looked around him with delight, as he was drawn into the pleasant woods and fields by his sister.



While resting in the woods, Nellie playfully crowned Jamie with a wreath of flowers; and then, with a pretty bouquet in her hand, she stood gazing at him with so loving a face that the most elegant carriage in the world could not have made him feel happier.

LX.—Story of a Flower-Bed.

ar rayed'	soft ened	re ward'ed
ser mons	con sid'er	for giv'ing
train ing	min is ter	po lite'ness
sur prised'	Sol o mon	pun ish ing

One day, mamma, who was working among her flowers, told Amy that she might have a little garden, if she would take care of it herself.

Amy gladly promised to do this, for she was very fond of flowers; and she thought it would be the nicest thing in the world to do what she pleased with flowers that were her own.

As she looked up, with a glad smile, to thank her mamma, there stood dear old Mr. Gleason, their minister, leaning over the gate and smiling down upon her. Every body loved him, for he was always kind and good.

"I only stopped," he said, "to see what makes our little girl so happy, this morning." And, when he heard that she was to have a little garden, he looked at her thoughtfully for a minute, and then said, "Many is the sermon it will preach you, my dear, if you will listen closely enough."

In a minute more, he had said, "Good morning!" and was walking down the street.

Amy did not forget what the minister had said, though she did not understand how a flower-garden could preach sermons.

That night, little Tommy, Amy's two-year-old brother, had to be sent from the table because he cried for the largest piece of cake.

As he was carried out of the room, kicking and screaming, Aunt Anna said, "It is useless, sister, to punish so small a child as that. It is too early to begin training him."

But Amy's mamma replied quietly, "I do not think I can begin too early to plant the seeds of kindness and politeness, if I want Tommy to grow up a good boy."

The next day, as Amy was working in her garden, her friend Fannie came along; and, after watching Amy for a time, she said, "Dear me! you are planting your seeds too early. Why do you not wait until warmer weather comes?"

Amy answered quickly, "I must plant my seeds early if I want my flowers to amount to much."

Then it flashed across her mind that those were almost the very words mamma had said to Aunt Anna, about Tommy; and she wondered whether children's hearts were at all like flower-gardens.

She laughed to herself at so strange an idea, and continued to plant her seeds as Fannie walked away.

In a few days, grandma came to make them a visit. In the meantime, the seeds mamma had planted were beginning to send up tiny green leaves, like little messengers, telling that flowers might soon be expected. But Amy's garden showed no sign of life.

One evening she asked her papa, in a fretful tone, why it was that mamma's flowers were all coming up, while none of hers had begun to grow.

He took her hand and walked with her to the little garden.

As soon as he saw it, he exclaimed, "Why, my dear child, you do not water your flower-bed! You should water it every day in order to keep the ground soft. The seeds are weak little things; and how can they send up their leaves through this hard earth?" and he drove his cane into the stiff, dry clay.

Amy ran to the house, and came back with mamma's watering-pot, and soon made the ground soft and wet.

Each day after that, she took care to water her flower-bed; and, before long, she

was rewarded by seeing the little green leaves appear. Tommy called them, "Baby flowers," they were so small.

Not very long afterwards, Amy heard mamma say to grandma, "I do not know what I shall do with Jennie, she has so quick a temper. Nothing I can say to her does any good!"

Grandma went on with her knitting for a while, and then said in a low tone, "My dear, do you ever try forgiving Jennie, instead of punishing her? I know she has a hard temper to manage; but it seems to me that it might be softened by love. Try it a few times; then, perhaps, what you say to her will do some good. I think she is not a bad child at heart."

Amy saw tears standing in mamma's eyes; and soon she heard her go up stairs, and enter the room to which Jennie had been sent for being saucy and stubborn.

A little while later, Jennie and mamma came down together, both looking happy, yet Amy saw that they had been crying.

Next day, when Amy went out to water her plants, she saw Tommy digging away, with a short stick, in the middle of her garden. Her first wish was to stop him and tell him that he was a naughty, bad boy.

But she thought how her flowers had grown where the ground had been softened. Then she remembered what grandma had said about mamma's way of managing Jennie. So Amy thought that she would see what she could do with Tommy, by speaking kindly to him.

Putting her arm around him, she said: "Amy does not want Tommy to dig in her garden. If he does, neither Amy nor Tommy can have any pretty blossoms this summer."

Tommy had expected cross words, and he looked up at her, surprised. But, when he saw that she did not look angry, he said, "I's sorry," and began to put the dirt back.

Amy then told him that it should be his flower-bed, too, and that he might help her to take care of it. This made him very happy, and he started off to tell mamma.

After he had gone, Amy looked down at her flower-bed and said, half aloud, "The sermons you preach are good ones."

The next Sunday, Mr. Gleason took for his text: "Consider the lilies of the field. They toil not, neither do they spin. Yet I say to you that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these."

Amy listened eagerly; and, when he said that all God's world was made to teach us

lessons of His love and wisdom, she felt that she knew something of what he meant.

Her pleasure in her garden was far greater after this; and, truly, many a sermon did it give her.

LXI.—Contentment.

psalm for lorn' lin ger glit ter ing

Upon the red rose tree, among
The sweet June flowers, a sparrow sung
A little psalm of love and praise:
"How sweet," sang he, "these summer days!
For me the meadow strawberry grows!
To rock my nest the south wind blows,
And all my life is glad and free!—
But this a dreary spot would be,
If one should linger here, forlorn,
When summer and the flowers had gone!"

Upon a bough, with frost-wreaths hung,
And glittering ice, a snow-bird swung,
And chirped his little song of praise:
"How bright," sang he, "the wintry days!
How merrily the north winds blow!
How gently falls the pure white snow,
And all around makes fair to see!—
But this a dreary spot would be,
If one should linger here, forlorn,
When winter and the snow had gone!"

LXII.—Archie's Fifteenth Letter.

Dear Kate:

I have enjoyed your letters very much. It is pleasant to hear from home when one is away! This is the last letter that I shall write, as we expect to see you in a few days.

New York is a great city. We could not begin to see all the sights if we stayed here a month.

We spent the morning on Broadway, looking at the pretty things in the windows. Don't I wish I were rich? One trunk would not be large enough for all the presents I should bring home.

I know just what mother would say if she read this. She would say: "Archie, have I not told you that riches do not bring happiness? A kind heart and a willing hand are the only true riches." I suppose this is true; but I should like to have plenty of money; would you not like it too? Think how much good we could do with it!

This is the rule for to-day:—A clause or a part of a sentence that could be left out without destroying the sense, follows, and is followed by, a dash; as, "The happy man—I mean the truly happy man—is he who thinks of others, rather than of himself."

Archie.

P. S.—I hope that you will like your present!



LXIII.—The Chickadee.

The chickadee, the chickadee,—
 A chosen friend of mine is he:
 His head and throat are glossy black;
 He wears a gray coat on his back;
 His vest is light,—'t is almost white;
 His eyes are round, and clear, and bright.

He picks the seeds from withered weeds;
 Upon my table-crumbs he feeds:
 He comes and goes through falling snows;
 The freezing wind around him blows;—
 He heeds it not: his heart is gay
 As if it were the breeze of May.

The whole day long he sings one song,
 Though dark the sky may be;
 And better than all other birds
 I love the chickadee!



The bluebird coming in the spring,
 The goldfinch with his yellow wing,
 The humming-bird that feeds on pinks
 And roses, and the bobolinks,
 The robins gay, the sparrows gray,—
 They all delight me while they stay.

But when, ah me! they chance to see
 A red leaf on the maple-tree,
 They all cry, "O, we dread the snow!"
 And spread their wings in haste to go;
 And when they all have southward flown,
 The chickadee remains alone.

A bird that stays in wintry days,
 A friend indeed is he;
 And better than all other birds
 I love the chickadee!

LXIV.—The Wonderful Pudding.

col liers	smelt ers	sat is fied
gro cers	grind ing	em ployed'
saw yers	quar ried	mer chants

Uncle Robert invited us to dinner. He promised us a pudding, the making of which had employed more than a thousand men!

"A pudding that has taken a thousand men to make!" we shouted, "then it must be as large as a church!"

"Well, boys," said Uncle Robert, "tomorrow, at dinner-time, you shall see it."

As soon as we had taken our breakfast the next day, we prepared to go to our uncle's house.

When we arrived, we were surprised to find everything calm and quiet as usual.

At last we sat down at the table. The first courses were over, and our eyes were eagerly fixed on the door, when—in came the pudding! It was a plum-pudding of the usual size.

"This is not the pudding that you promised us," said my brother.

"It is, indeed," said Uncle Robert.

"Oh, uncle! you do not mean to say that a thousand men have helped to make that!"

"Eat some of it first, my boy; and then take your slate and pencil, and help me to count the workmen," said Uncle Robert.

"Now," continued Uncle Robert, "for this pudding we must have flour; the ground must have been ploughed, sowed, and harrowed, and the grain reaped and threshed.

"To make the plough, miners, smelters, and smiths, wood-cutters, sawyers, and carpenters must have labored.

"The leather of the harness for the horses had to be tanned and prepared for the harness-maker.

"Then we have the builders of the mill for grinding the grain, and the men who quarried the millstones, and made the machinery.

"The plums, the lemon-peel, the spices, and the sugar, all came from distant countries; and to bring them here, ships, ship-builders, sail-makers, sailors, merchants, and grocers were employed.

"Then we require eggs, milk, and suet."

"Oh, stop, stop, uncle!" cried I; "I am sure you have counted a thousand!"

"I have not named all, my child. We must cook the pudding; so we must not forget the colliers who bring us coal, and the miners who dig the metals for the saucepan.

"Then there is the linen of the cloth in which the pudding was boiled; and for this we must reckon those who cultivate, gather, card, spin, and weave the flax, and all that make the looms and machines."

So we were quite satisfied when Uncle Robert had finished—that there were more than a thousand men employed in the making of the pudding.

LXV.—Birds' Nests.

PART I.

fi bers	rack et	col lec' tion
pearl y	pro posed'	hon ey-suc kle

John, Kate, and mamma were sitting on the piazza of their pleasant summer home. Mamma was sewing; Kate was dressing her doll. A ride was proposed for the afternoon, and Miss Lancaster, the doll, was to sit on the back seat with Kate.

John, with racket in hand, was sending a ball against the house. "Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine—there! I have hit the ball fifty times without missing once. That is better than you can do, Kate."

"I do not know that, John. I hit the ball over forty times, yesterday, and perhaps I should have reached a hundred if Jip had not bothered me. He would try to catch the ball; and I had to drive him off."

"Children—hush! look!" said mamma, softly. "See that humming-bird! He is putting his little bill into the honey-suckles. How beautiful he is!"

"The dear little bird!" cried Kate in a low voice. "I never knew a humming-bird to come so near the house. It is a wonder that he was not afraid of John's ball."

"He knows who are his friends," replied John. "I would not hurt him."

"Of course you would not, John; but don't talk quite so loud, please: You will frighten



him. See the colors on his breast!—red, green—there, he is gone!—too bad!"

"The little rogue!" said John. "I wonder where he went. What a good breakfast his little ones will have!—honey from a flower!"

"Yes," said mamma, "and he may have found little insects in the honey-suckles. I have the nest of a humming-bird," she added, going into the house. "I wonder that I never showed it to you." And in a few minutes mamma returned, bringing the nest.

"O, what a tiny home!" exclaimed Kate. "I never saw a nest so small and dainty."

"It is no larger than half of a walnut!" said John. "Is it really a bird's nest, mamma? It cannot hold many eggs."

"The humming-bird lays only two eggs," replied mamma. "These are of a pearly white, and very small, of course."

"Do see this pretty white lining!" said Kate. "How soft and downy it is! Where did the humming-birds find it?"

"It is made of silky fibers from plants and flowers," answered mamma. "Man cannot make anything so delicate. And see the outside of the nest!"

"It is covered with moss," said John, taking the nest, carefully, in his fingers, and turning it around. "I have seen little clumps of moss like this on old trees."

"This nest came from an old apple-tree," added mamma. "Do you see?—there is a hollow place where it rested on a branch. It looked so much like the branch that, at first, I took it to be a part of the tree."

"I mean to look more carefully for nests," said John. "Of course we would not touch them, while the birds needed them."

"We might make a collection of nests," added Kate. "I should like that much better than collecting stamps."

"I cannot give up my stamp-book," said John, decidedly; "but I will begin to-day, to save all the nests that I find. I have two already. One is a little chipping-bird's nest

It is made of dried grass and horse-hair, loosely woven. It must be a last year's nest. I found it in the meadow, on a bush."

"O John, I wish we could get the nest that the golden-robins are making! It is easy enough to get nests made by the common red-breasts, for they often build them in the forks of trees, not far from the ground. But the nest of the golden-robins!—we can never reach that."

"Now, Kate, I think that we can get it," said John, looking up at the tall elm tree near the house, where swung a nest partly finished. "It is very high up, to



be sure; and mamma is always so frightened when she sees me climb. I have it!—papa will let us have the end of that limb cut off."

"Of course, he will," said mamma, "that is—next fall. But why do you not help the robins in the building of their nest?"

"Help the robins!" exclaimed both children. "What do you mean, mamma?"

"Do you not see how the nest is made? There goes a robin now! See what he has in his mouth."

"A long, white string!" said John. "I understand now, Kate. We can get bits of thread and soft strings and put them on the bushes near the elm tree and the robins will find them!"

"Of course they will!" said Kate. "What fun it will be to watch the robins, after they have found our presents!"

LXVI.—Birds' Nests.

PART II.

at tic im ag' ine dis play' ing

The next day, Kate ran into the house, excitedly, saying that she had found a wren's nest.

"Are you sure?" asked mamma. "The wren is very shy, and takes great care to hide his nest."

"O, yes, mamma, I am quite sure! Do you not remember that we heard a very sweet song, when we were out walking, the other morning? Papa said that it was a wren's song. I heard the same song, to-day, and I >

waited and watched until I saw the bird. And where do you think the wren's nest is?"

"I cannot imagine," answered mamma.

"It is in the apple-tree, close to the attic-window. I know that John could reach it. Here he comes, now! Another nest, John! We cannot have it yet, though."

"I have found one, too," said John, displaying a nest made of coarse straws, sticks, and mud. "It is a last year's nest—a swallow's. I dare say that you have seen it. I found it under the eaves, by the kitchen."

"Yes," answered Kate, "I have seen it. Swallows always build close to houses—I wonder why! But it is not so easy to find a wren's nest, and that is what I have found."

"Really?—a wren's nest?—Where is it?" And the two children and mamma ran up into the attic.

Just as they reached the room, a low, sweet song was heard. They stole, on tip-toe, to the window, and



there was the happy little family. One wren was singing among the dark green leaves. The other wren was feeding two

little mouths stretched out from the nest in a hollow of the apple-tree.

"Dear me! there was never anything half so snug," whispered Kate. "To think that we had not seen this nest before!"

"I wish that we could find out how many little ones there are!" said John. "We can see only two."

"There are often seven or eight little wrens," remarked mamma. "How different this nest is from that of a swallow!"

"Yes, and it is much cosier," said Kate. "Wrens know how to make a warm home for their little ones."

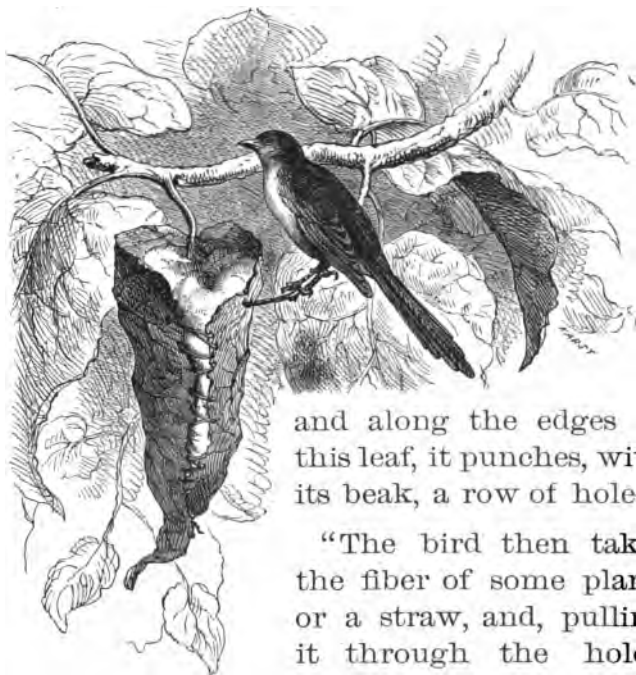
"In the fall," remarked John, "when we can have the nest to look at, we can find out how it is made. Papa says that wrens' nests are made of little sticks, and lined with hair, feathers, wool and other soft materials."

"There, children!" exclaimed mamma, "you forgot, and talked too loud. The birds are frightened, and we must go."

The next day, John found a crow's nest; and, before summer was over, the children had quite a collection. In the fall, when the leaves had gone from the trees, they found more than forty nests. Many of these were alike; and the children were glad to

share them with their little friends, who, also, were collecting birds' nests.

Sometimes, Kate wrote to her uncle Jack, who was then in India. In reply to a letter telling of their bird-treasures, he wrote as follows: "There is a very curious bird here. It chooses a leaf at the end of a small twig;



and along the edges of this leaf, it punches, with its beak, a row of holes.

"The bird then takes the fiber of some plant, or a straw, and, pulling it through the holes, draws the edges of the leaf together. This cone-shaped nest is lined with soft, white wool. Do you wonder that the wise little bird which makes this nest is called the tailor-bird? Some day I will bring you one of these curious nests."



LXVII.—The Cradle.

Ju de' a	a dor'ing	de li' cious
man ger	swal lows	shep herds
fra grant	ham mock	mut ter ing
where in'	in dig' nant	en chant' ment

The barn was low, and dim, and old ;
 Broad on the floor the sunshine slept ;
 And through the windows and the doors
 Swift in and out the swallows swept.

And breezes from the summer sea
 Drew through, and stirred the fragrant hay
 Down dropping from the loft, wherein
 A gray, old fish-net, idle, lay,

Heaped in a corner ; and one loop
 Hung loose, the dry, sweet grass among ;
 And hammock-wise, to all the winds
 It floated to and fro, and swung.

And there, one day, the children brought
The pet of all the house to play;
A baby boy of three-years old,
And sweeter than the dawn of day.

They laid him in the drooping loop,
And softly swung him, till at last,
Over his beauty, balmy sleep
Its delicate enchantment cast.

And then they ran to call us all:
"Come, see where little Rob is! Guess!"
And brought us where the darling lay,
A heap of rosy loveliness,

Curled in the net: the dim old place
He brightened; like a star he shone,
Cradled in air: we stood, as once
The shepherds of Judea had done;

And while, adoring him, we gazed
With eyes that gathered tender dew,
Wrathful, upon the gentle scene,
The baby's nurse indignant, flew.

"Is this a fit place for the child!"
And out of his delicious sleep
She clutched him, muttering as she went
Her scorn and wonder, low and deep.

His father smiled, and drew aside;
A grave, sweet look was in his face—
"For One, who in a manger lay,
It was not found too poor a place!"

LXVIII.—True Courage.

sul lied	cir cu lar	com pressed'
pi az'za	in teg'ri ty	an i ma'tion
ra di ant	temp ta'tion	per mis'sion

I was sitting by an upper window in one of the large boarding-houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends, when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"O, yes, that's capital! So we will! Let us all go! There is William Hale! Come, William, we are going to have a ride on the Circular Railway. Come with us."

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I shall run and ask her," replied William.

"O! O! so you must run and ask your mamma! Are you not ashamed? I didn't ask my mother." "Nor I," "Nor I," called half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice; "come along with us, if you don't want to be called a coward. Don't you see that we are all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing, with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clinched, in the midst of the group.

He was a fine subject for a painter, at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how the word "coward" was rankling in his breast.

"Will he indeed prove himself a coward by yielding to them?" thought I. And with breathless interest I listened for his answer; for I feared that the evil in his heart might be stronger than the good.

"I am not a coward, but I will not go without asking my mother," said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion; "I promised her I would not leave the house without permission; and I should be a base coward if I were to deceive her."

I saw him in the evening in the crowded parlor. He was walking by the side of his mother, a stately matron of gentle and polished manners, clad in widow's mourning.

It was with evident pride she looked on her graceful boy, whose face, one of the finest I ever saw, was fairly radiant with animation and intelligence. Was his heart lighter from the victory won in the morning? I could not help believing that it was.

Well might any mother be proud of such a son—one who dared to do right, when all were tempting him to do wrong.

My heart breathed a prayer that the young spirit, now so strong in its integrity, might never be sullied by worldliness or sin.

Such a boy will be an ornament to his native land. Our country needs stout, brave hearts, that can stand fast when the whirlwind of temptation gathers thick and strong around them. She needs men, who, from infancy upward, have scorned to be false and unfaithful to duty.

LXIX.—The Oak.

The oak-tree boughs once touched the grass;
But every year they grew,
A little farther from the ground,
And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,
While time glides swiftly by,
A little farther from the earth,
And nearer to the sky.



SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS.

VOWELS.

Long and short sounds.

ā, long,	as in fāte.	ō, long,	as in nōte.
ă, short,	“ făt.	ŏ, short,	“ nŏt.
ē, long,	“ mēte.	ū, long,	“ tūbe.
ĕ, short,	“ mĕt.	ŭ, short,	“ tŭb.
ī, long,	“ fīne.	ȳ, long,	“ fiȳ.
ĭ, short,	“ fĭn.	ȳ, short,	“ abyȳss.

Occasional sounds.

â,	as in âir.	ô, like ŭ, . . .	as in ôther.
ă, Italian, . . .	“ ârm.	ğ, like ō, . . .	“ mŏve.
â, intermediate, “	âsk.	q, like ō, . . .	“ wŏman.
ā, broad, . . .	“ all.	ô, like a, . . .	“ fôrm.
â, like ŏ, . . .	“ whăt.	ōō, long,	“ mŏon.
ê, like â, . . .	“ thêre.	ôô, short,	“ fŏot.
ē, like â, . . .	“ eight.	ŕ, preceded by r, “	“ rŭde.
ĕ,	“ vĕrge.	ŭ, like ō, . . .	“ bull.
ĭ, like ē,	“ machĭne.	û,	“ bŭrn.
ĭ, like ē,	“ bĭrd.		

Diphthongal sounds.

oi or oy, . . . as in oil, toy. | ou or ow, . . as in out, owl.

CONSONANTS.

ç, soft, like s, as in	çell.	th, sharp, . . as in	three.
e, hard, like k, . .	eall.	th, flat or vocal, “	this.
ch,	child.	ng,	sing.
çh, soft, like sh, “	çhaise.	ŋ, like ng, . . .	ink.
eh, hard, like k, . .	eeho.	x, like ks, . . .	six.
ġ, hard,	ġet.	z, like gz, . . .	example.
ġ, soft, like j, . .	ġem.	ph, like f, . . .	seraph.
s, sharp,	same.	qu, like kw, . .	quench.
ç, flat or vocal, “	haç.	wh, like hw, . .	which.

A VOCABULARY,

Giving the Pronunciation and Definition of the most difficult words used in this Reader.

For explanation of the Diacritical Marks, see page 217.

Note.—The pupils should be taught to regard a "Definition-lesson" as a very important "**Language-lesson.**" Let them first read the sentence containing the word to be defined, and then give the meaning according to the context. Having done this, let them substitute the definition of the word for the word itself, and repeat the sentence so formed. As definitions are, in most cases, synonyms or synonymous phrases, this substitution can be effected with very little change in the construction of the sentence.

In illustration, take this sentence on page 10: "What is there curious about this one?" **Curious** is the word to be defined; it means **nice; anxious to learn; apt to ask questions; odd; strange; singular.** A little study on the part of the pupils will enable them to select the meaning applicable in the given sentence, and they will have no difficulty in changing the sentence as directed; thus, "What is there **odd** (or **strange**, or **singular**) about this one?"

As additional drill, the pupils should be required to give original sentences illustrating the various uses of the words defined.

N. B.—The numbers following indicate the pages on which the given words are found.

A.

Ā eā'oi a (a kā'shī ā) (55), a tree found in tropical, or hot, countries.

Ā e čēpt' (101), to take; to receive with favor.

Ā e count'ing (181), giving reasons.

Ā d mīl' (179, 180, 185), to let in; to allow.

Ā d drift' (81), floating without guide or direction.

Ā d vānce' (97), to go forward; to rise in rank, office, or class.

Ā d vēnt'ure (154, 174), an enterprise; a strange event.

Ā g'o ny (184), great pain or suffering.

Al'der (176), a tree usually growing in moist land.

Än'guish (äng'gwich) (185), extreme pain of body or of mind.

Än'i mä'tion (207), briskness; liveliness; spirit.

Än tēn'naé (83), delicate organs of feeling, on the heads of insects, etc.

Änx'iotüs (äng'shus) (15, 126, 141), uneasy; in painful uncertainty.

Är ränged' (131), settled; put in order; prepared.

Är rayed' (197), set in order; dressed.

Äs qënd' (185), to climb; to go up; to rise.

Ä skänce' (153), sideways.

Ä void' (178), to shun; to keep away from.

B.

Bäl'm'y (bäm'y) (205), refreshing.

Barked (107), made a noise like a dog; peeled, stripped of the bark.

Beamed (183, 190), shone.

Be fall' (125), to happen to.

Be friënd' (182), to favor; to act as a friend to.

Bēn'ē fit (183), good; advantage; act of kindness.

Bit (42), a morsel; the iron mouth-piece of a bridle; cut with the teeth.

Bou quet' (bōō kā') (192), bunch of flowers.

Brow'ing (43), feeding on shrubs or shoots of trees, etc.

Büs'tling (büs'ling) (133, 154), busy; moving quickly.

C.

Cän'tered (170), moved in a moderate gallop.

Cär'a vān (62), a company of travelers, pilgrims, or merchants.

Cär'bon (154), an element or substance found in mineral coals, charcoal, etc.

Cärd (203), to straighten and cleanse by combing; a piece of pasteboard or thick paper prepared for various uses.

Céas'es (104), stops; comes to an end.

Chick'a dee' (200, 201), the black-cap titmouse of North America, named from its note.

Chip'munk (26), a squirrel-like animal, sometimes called the *striped squirrel*.

Chip'ping-bird (117), a kind of sparrow, of small size.

Clinched (206), made fast; held fast; closely folded; doubled.

Co eöön' (153), an egg-shaped case constructed by silk-worms, caterpillars, etc., to contain the chrysalis, or form from which the perfect insect comes out.

Cöll'iers (köl'yers) (203), men who work in coal-mines; coal-merchants; vessels employed in the coal trade.

Cöl'um bine (89), a plant of various kinds.

Col'umn (köl'um) (62, 121), a pillar; a body of troops; a division of pages from top to bottom; an upright row.

Cöm pëlled' (148), obliged; forced.

Cöm prëssed' (207), pressed together; squeezed.

Cōn cōrn (180), care; interest; to disturb; to affect; to interest.

Cōn clād'ed (155), thought at last; decided.

Cōn'stant (152), unshaken; unchanging; faithful.

Cōn trāct'ing (121), shortening; shrinking; agreeing.

Cōn triv'an cōg (120), means; plans; organs or instruments.

Cōn trived' (120), planned; made; formed.

Cōn vīncēd' (120), satisfied by proof; forced to believe.

Cōv'et (170), to wish for; to desire too eagerly.

Crēd'it (181), honor; belief.

Crouch'ing (17, 160), stooping low; lying close to the ground.

Cūd (32, 34, 42, 44, 45, 46), that food which is brought up into the mouth by cows, deer, etc., from their first stomach, and chewed a second time.

Cūl'ti vā'ted (38, 203), tilled; improved by labor.

Cū'ri ōs'i ty (9, 10), nicety; disposition to ask questions; anything strange or rare.

Cū'ri ōus (10, 13, 19, 61, 83, 117, 119, 179), nice; anxious, or anxious to learn; apt to ask questions; odd; strange; singular.

Cū'ri ous ly (119), strangely; skillfully.

D.

Dāms (23, 24), banks or walls to check the flow of water.

Dēl'i este (83), slight; tender; fine.

De scēnd' (76, 184), to come or go down.

De scrip'tion (38), account; report.

De cpaīr' (185), loss of hope; to lose hope.

Dif'f cult (67), hard to do; not easy.

Dif'f cul ty (168), hardness; trouble.

Dī rēet'ed (185), aimed; ordered; guided.

Dis'ap pēar', to go out of sight.

Dis'eōn tēnt' (149), uneasiness; dissatisfaction.

Dis cōū'r'aged (83), robbed of courage; downhearted.

Dis cōv'ered (182, 151), found out; laid open.

Dis māy' (185), loss of firmness through fear; horror; to frighten.

Dis sōlv'ing (diz zōlv'ing) (120), softening; melting.

Down (87), the soft, hairy covering of birds, plants, etc.

Draught (drāft) (167), a current of air; the act of drinking; the act of drawing, hauling, or moving loads.

Drōm'e da ry (drūm'e der ŷ) (61), a kind of camel having one hump.

Drought (106), scarcity of water; dryness.

Dū'ti ful (183), obedient; respectful.

E.

Ēaves (eevz) (152), the edges or lower borders of a roof.

E cōn'o mize' (189), to spend sparingly; to save.

E lās tle (119), springing back after being bent, or stretched, or pressed.

Ēn chánt/mént (205), charm ; spell.

Ēn eœur'a ging (182), favoring ; giving hope.

Ēn dūre' (59, 60), to last ; to suffer ; to bear.

Ēv'i dent (207), plain ; clear.

Ēx çt'ed (141), roused ; stirred to great feeling.

Ēx çt'ed ly (143), with great feeling ; passionately.

Ēx claimed' (122), called out ; cried aloud.

Ēx ēr'tion (egz ēr'shun) (189), struggle, effort.

Ēx prēss' (183), to utter ; to make known.

F.

Fal'ter ing (179), failing ; trembling.

Fēll (23), to cut down ; dropped.

Fēt'loek (170), a tuft of hair growing behind the lower joint of a horse's leg.

Fōe (67), an enemy.

For lōrn' (198), wretched ; forsaken.

Frā'grant (204), sweet-smelling.

G.

Ġā'ble (152), the triangular end of a building from the eaves to the top.

Ġāl'lant (92), noble ; high-spirited ; fearless.

Ġēn'er ōs'i ty (191), freedom in giving ; liberality.

Ġills (93), organs of breathing in fishes and other water animals.

Ġī rāffe' (53, 54, 55, 56, 57), an African animal.

Ġiāde (82), an open space in a wood.

Ġēal (174), the starting-point ; the end.

Ġōr'geotūs (gōr'jus) (140), showy ; splendid.

Ġrāt'i tūde (183), thankfulness.

Ġūll (93), a web-footed sea-fowl.

Ġūr'gling (96), flowing with a noise.

H.

Häcked (108), cut ; mangled.

Hār'rōwed (202), broken or torn with a harrow, which is a toothed instrument drawn over ploughed land to level it.

Hā'man (151), having the nature or qualities of man.

I.

Ī dē'a (119), notion ; thought.

Īm pā'tient (im pā'shent) (135, 171), fretful ; restless.

Īn'çi dent (182), that which happens ; an event ; apt to happen.

Īn eār (188), to bring on ; to run into.

Īn dig'nant (147), angry at wrong or injustice.

Īn quī'ī tīve (148), apt to ask questions.

Īn sīst'ed (77), to urge ; to refuse to give way ; to press earnestly.

Īn'stru ment (118, 119), a tool ; that by which work is done ; a means.

Īn tēg'ri ty (208), honesty ; freedom from evil.

Īn tēl'li gençe (207), understanding : news.

In tál'li gont (66, 77), knowing; sensible.

Ín'ter éstéd (15), concerned; pleased.

Ín'ter ést ing (25, 71), pleasing; engaging the attention or curiosity.

Ín'ter rúpt' (15, 119), to hinder; to stop by interfering.

J.

Jún'gles (jüng'glz) (66), land covered with forest trees, brushwood, coarse grass, etc.

L.

Lád'en (168), loaded; burdened.

Llá'má (lá'má) (45), a South American wool-bearing animal.

Ló'eo mó'tíve (135), moving from place to place; a steam-engine on wheels, used to draw wagons or cars.

Lóöm (203), a frame for weaving.

M.

Ma chin'er y (ma sheen'er y) (155, 203), working parts of engines, machines, etc.

Mán'ger (205), an eating-trough for cattle.

Ma'tron (207), a married woman; an elderly woman.

Men ág'e ris (men ázh'er y) (14, 72, 80), a collection of foreign or wild animals for exhibition.

Mí'ero seöpe (13), an instrument for examining very small objects.

Mís'chief (mís'chif) (27, 28, 178), harm; evil done in sport, or without thought.

Mís'chievous (mís'che vus) (117), inclined to do harm; troublesome.

Móde (135), manner; way.

Mó'lars (20), grinding teeth.

Mú'sé'um (38), a collection of curiosities, or of works of art.

Mýs tó'ri óüs (127), hard to understand; strange.

N.

Nós'tríl (63, 73), one of the two openings of the nose.

Núi'sance (nú'sans) (164), annoyance; trouble.

Nút'-hátoh (152), a small bird which burrows in wood, and feeds on insects, berries, and nuts.

O.

Ō'a sís (plural, ō'a sēs) (59, 61), a fertile spot in a desert.

Ōb'jëet (39, 179), purpose; cause; mass or body.

Ōb'jëet' (16), to be opposed; to have reasons against.

Ōf fënd'ed (147), displeased; annoyed.

P.

Päd'dle (19), the broad part of an oar; a sort of short oar.

Pánt'ing (172), breathing quickly.

Par tle'u lar (147), special; hard to suit; nice.

Pá'tience (pá'shens) (153), power of suffering, laboring, or waiting without complaint.

Per mís'sion (per mýsh'un) (207), leave; consent.

Pét'tish ly (147), crossly; peevishly.

Pí'ás'sá (206), a covered walk; a porch.

Prāi'rie (39, 140, 144), an extensive tract of land covered with grass.

Pre fēr' (191), to choose; to like better.

Prēssed (78), squeezed; urged; crowded; moved on with force.

Prized- (64), valued highly; esteemed.

Prōbed (153), searched; examined.

Prōv'erb (173), a wise saying.

Prō vōked' (68, 69), aroused; offended.

Psālm (sām) (198), a sacred song.

Pūr'pōse (182), meaning; intention; to intend; to mean.

Pur'sue, to follow; to chase.

Q.

Quar'ried (kwōr'rid) (203), dug from a quarry, or stone-pit.

Quiv'er (168), to tremble; to shake; a case for arrows.

R.

Rāek'et (204), a sort of hoop covered with a net-work of cord, and furnished with a handle, used for catching or striking the ball in tennis and in similar games.

Ra'di ant (207), bright; shining.

Rānk'ing (207), becoming sore or painful; raging.

Rāpt'ure (125), great joy; delight.

Rēaped' (202), cut; gathered.

Rē'gions (rē'jung) (105), countries; districts.

Rē mārked', said; noticed.

Rēnt (185), split; burst; a tear; an opening made by force.

Rē pēat', to do or to say again; to recite.

Rē trēat' (97), to go back; to retire; to withdraw; a moving back; an asylum.

Riv'ā let (81), a small river; a brook.

S.

Sq̄sne (seen) (185), a sight; an exhibition.

Stūd'ing (106), flying; driving along.

Sē lēt' (21), to choose; to pick out.

Shāg'gy (37, 172), rough with long hair or wool.

Shield (69), a broad piece of metal or leather carried on the arm and used for defense in fighting; to defend; to protect.

Shift'ing (60), moving; changing.

Shōals (93), crowds; sand-banks.

Sin'gū lar (60), odd; strange.

Skēl'e ton (33), the bony frame-work of an animal.

Smēlt'er (203), one who melts ore to separate the metal from other substances.

Sō'ber (175), serious; solemn; temperate.

Soōth'ing ly (191), with soft words or manner.

Spi'nal (121), belonging to the spine, or backbone.

Spin'ner ēts (112), organs with which spiders and some insects form their silk or their webs.

Spray (93), water driven in drops by the wind; a small branch.

Spring'y (119), light; elastic.

Stāte'ly (97, 207), dignified; grand.

Striv'ing (124), trying; struggling.

Stow'ing (46), packing; storing.

Su'et (203), hard fat.

Sul'lied (208), stained; soiled.

Sūp plies' (74), provides; things provided.

Sūp pōrt' (189), to keep; to uphold; a prop; maintenance.

Sway'ing (143), swinging; waving; moving from side to side.

T.

Tānned (203), prepared by steeping in an infusion of bark; browned.

Tēē-tō'tal (115), entire; pledged to strict temperance.

Tēst (191), to try; to prove; a trial; a proof.

Thrāsh (97, 178), to beat with a stick or a whip.

Thrashed (202), beaten off the husk or cob.

Ti'dy (156), neat and clean; kept in order.

Ti'ni ēst (90), smallest.

Tōad'-stōōl (89), a mushroom.

Trained (15, 17, 72, 77, 78), taught, brought up.

Trait (48), a marked peculiarity; a quality.

Tārf (99), sod; sward; peat.

U.

Urged (173), entreated; begged; forced onward.

V.

Vēn'ti la'tor (165, 166, 167), a machine or contrivance for driving out foul air and bringing in that which is pure.

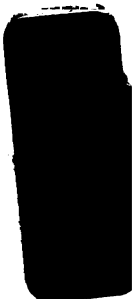
W.

Wāft'ed (93), borne through the air or on the water.

Wēap'on (68), defense; something to fight with.

Wēdged (79), forced; fixed.

Wrāth'ful (rāth'ful) (205), very angry.



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